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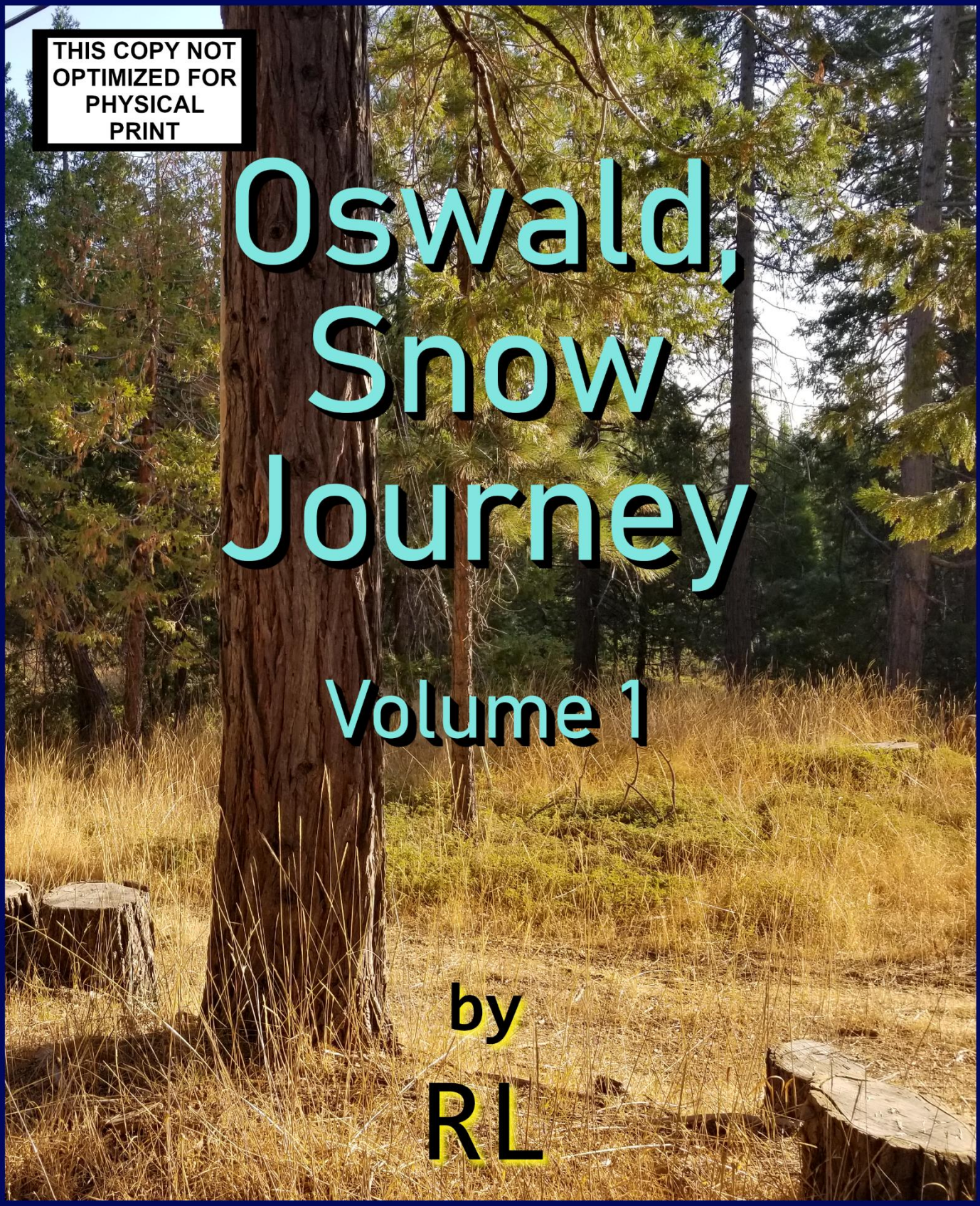
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Oswald, Snow Journey
Volume 1
by
RL

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Published digitally in the United States of America

Oswald, Snow Journey

by

RL

Written February 2019 – September 2021

Volume 1

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So long as I can verify a thing’s existence, I can catch it.

Bedman

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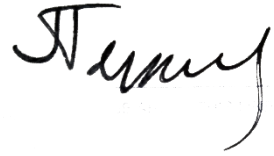
Prelude

The poems in this book were written from February 2019 to September 2021, roughly coinciding with my early years of high school. All poetry within this book has been formatted so that stanzas start and end on the same page.

Oswald, Snow Journey is a multi-volume work encompassing poems written after my first attempt at poetry in *The Girl in Red*, the abrupt ending of which coincides with the loss of an important friendship and general character reformation. As of August 2022, the third volume is still in the works, but it is mainly so large and encompasses multiple volumes because the poem "Oswald, Snow Journey" hasn't come to me yet. Whichever volume includes "Oswald, Snow Journey" as a poem will be the final volume in the series.

Like with my previous poetry, some of the poems that I have written are a result of me trying to be a part of something that I wasn't, trying to explain something I didn't understand, or simply just for writing's sake. Many of those poems I don't care about or really expect people to get much out of, since not much was put into some poems. They are included in my book, and whether or not something useful is there to you, they are all included. More references, allusions, series, and sister poems are in this work than *The Girl in Red*, my very first work of poetry, which makes sense because I understood my way of writing much better when writing this.

I may or may not have said before, but my poems are written with or without specific meaning in mind, but whatever someone interprets out of it, I find their interpretation of the poem as valid. Some poems bury meaning within heaps of allusion or references but yet still I do attempt to evoke certain emotions in my poems, which sometimes can be the whole meaning. My inspirations for writing don't really exist, it is and has pretty much always been to deal with emotions, to differing results. I still like to think that I've done a fine job with a good amount of my poems.



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Sister Poems and Series

Sister poems indirectly cover similar topics in generally the same way, and series can include more than two poems and often are structured more in a way that makes their content tie in directly to other poems in the series.

Sister Poems

- "First, She Was the Wolf" *and* "Last, You Are the Wolf"
- "Ultrawißen" *and* "Meeting in the Temple"
- "AHAHAHA I Luvma Frenso Mutch" *and* "Annai Hay Tma Enemies Moor"
- "Strive!" *and* "Rivets"

Series

- Initiation
  - "Initiation" *and* "Initiation 2" *and* "Initiation 3" *and* "Initiation 4 (The Unthing-Shaped Pool)"
- Oswald
  - "Oswald, Life Journey" *and* "Oswald, Flammenwerfer"
- Guitar Dog
  - "Guitar Dog" *and* "Guitar Dog 2"
- F
  - "F.F.W." *and* "F.M.F."
- Trouble
  - "Ziijajz"

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Initiation

It’s empty around here.
I guess I better get a sofa
Maybe a couch?
I like couches.
That lamp would look great over here.
A nice carpet maybe?
I need room for my pet.
Look at him, swimming around
In his bowl on the table.

Good friends.
I look at him a little bit.
He looks back and pokes the glass.
Looks, is a funny word.
As if intrigued by the thought, he
Turns around and slumps down lightly.

The blood of him.
Turned into a business by opportunists.
Blue Benjamins, baby.
A sick thought…
I wince.

With him, I’m never alone.
Even though he’s quiet.
We’re quite alike, I find it.

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I guess it’s time to become somebody.
I walk back to my room,
Party of one.
Family of me.
A mind with no upper bounds on velocity.
A mind with no interest in animosity.
Independent, yet timid.
Calm and peaceful, yet livid.

Place

Warming up the calendar,
Or an appendage to my left or right
A worried smile thinking,
I can only pay for what I wanted to buy
And you know that it’s impossible
Given my current state of mind
That name that started with a J,
It seems I’ve left you all behind.

I never thought I’d be so worried from all this nostalgia.
Talking at the front desk in the morning, said baby how’d ya
Like to go out for a meal tonight, you know I’m always willing
To pick the tab up and pick up you when you’re just on your bed chilling.

Who would’ve guessed life would be so uncomfortable?
Showered by affection, when I only wanted a mention
All alone in my room again, trying to loosen all this tension.

All I really want you to believe is
Nothing I ever said.

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Long Shallow End

I'm out of the loop
Under my covers and another like you.
Michael told me, I'd never be lonely.
I'd live alone like a widowed baker.
I know you'd never take her
But you could though,
If you wanted.

Run across my outside inners
And where were you in the winter?
I've always died there and you know that.
I hope that nobody sees it.
Because Alie can't keep a secret
Even though that we need it.

She called me Sycamore.
But now I'm just sick of your
Dinosaurs that shoot the missiles
I'd never take a risk though.
I bet you wish the candy store was open at 3AM.

I'll sign the dotted paper
Pay no mind to the girl within the wafer
Having issues with the life force.
Less than normal human discourse.
But she's an angel, but I know that
It's ungrateful and it's painful.

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A golden face behind the kaleidoscope
I'm sober today, and I've been told
That it's a time to get some rest
Go to bed
Back to the fields and grow again
Take a walk
Take the ‘peg.
My last feet, on my last leg.
It's a life, it's the luft.
A golden crown with silver must
Be red and white, black and green.
Acrobatic pulsar screen.

The combination of hope of men
Will breach the new long shallow end.

Loathe.

Hey,
Uh,
Movie night huh.
Going alright, now going alright, now.
Uh,
Hey.

They can’t get me off,
But I beat him to the chase.
I’m on second base, yeah.
With no little waste,
I put the blade up to my face, yeah.
Bled mistakes,
All o’er the place.

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Lemon’s sour after all these years
From all these fears and
Your
Fake
Tears.

I don’t need to get up into this though.
I’m that muddy fuchsia shinto.
You’re a mint though.
Yeah.
A mint though.
Yeah buddy that’s a hint though.
Sending plus me like it print though.
A muddy fuchsia bint though.
I’m that muddy fuchsia splint though.

Where you come from?
Get back and we’ll get this front run.
You’re just a cut, stun.
When it’s 12 at night I get into my bad pig skin.

It comes off like she’s wearing fuchsia napalms.
9 fuchsia thousand degrees and she’s hitting me with liaison.

Get off me, you twisted brainsick slush.
Have you ever seen the sky turn to ash
Because of the things you say and did?
Stomped down here, I’m really just amid

A crisis.
Got my hands like vices.
Your words like lead poisoning spices.

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I bet you wish I was a player in the game
But there's only one ultimate I'd give my name
And give my life
I dulled my knife, hah.

They called it Agent Orange, yeah.
Because it busted faces like drinking up the bases
Cleaning drains because it makes it.

I took your queen, man, I took your aces.
Like Isaac Newton yall, you're outta spaces.
I shuffle tiles like I'm Chinese
Out here
By these
Myra, don't jump, you know that we can finally
Get back
More powerful than Ajax
Hit you with the real facts,
End you like it's syntax
You cannot pass,

They all call me the outlier.
I call them out to retire
We pass out after we get what we fuchsia desire

I said no more, no.
Come on RL, loathe me.
Put your hands into the fire.

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Is Violetta

Scraping my nails
Across the hard metal door
Wanting to be alone
To see the signs no more.

To stop hitting my head on the tray
And the pillowed sealed up tight
Maybe I like being tied up, hey
I think that sounds alright.

Why else would I do it?
To have this artificial heartbeat
And have the weight surround me
Covered completely, no vulnerability.

I want to dismantle my cranium
And whip it into shape.
I've cried over [FT] forever
So much my senses collapse.

Listen to the rain outside the room
What a wonderful life it must be
How life has changed since the time I came
It used to not hurt to breathe…

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Ululations of the Forgotten

Everyone is just so pretty.
Everyone is just so wonderful.
Everyone is just so great.
I wish they knew about me.
I wish they knew who I am.

Taken, but just so enveloped
In this strong emotion for everyone.
I don't understand it.
Why do machines have to face unsolvable issues?

I saw the sky and clouds today.
You were up there, far away.
I'd be with you and we'd do everything.
You make me feel like my heart has wings.

I like your hair.
I like how nice you are when you talk to me.
I like your eyes.
I like how you look when you're smiling.
I like your glasses.
I…
I like the way it feels when we hug.
I like your hands.
I like the way you make me feel inside.

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I know it doesn’t make sense to you,
Because it makes no sense to me.
I just want and desire it.
Mi amore; cette partie.

I guess the only way is to make a place
A society.
Jump into the picture with me.
Let me show you a dream.

Where you can hug, without a care
Where you can cry into every shoulder you ever wanted
Where you can relive any tough time, but with someone you needed
Where you can change the past, and worry not about your flaws
Where you can see them smile and laugh.
Where you can hold a hand just because you care about them
Where you can tell them how much you really appreciate them

Wouldn’t…

Wouldn’t that be great??

Everyone is just so pretty…

Smoke

Because I try.
Another tree inside the sky
They said they'd never take it by.

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Because I cry.
I had the dreams about you darling.
I keep getting visions of you darling.

One and the won
One with a gun
I'm stunned.

Because they're made of smoke
I knew she wasn't really human.
It was something.
I took your beautiful something
I took my perfectly pieced skin
It glides from within.

I'm sorry I took that beautiful something.
You're not mine.
I wonder if I'll ever go back inside.
I know I'd never do that
Not a man like me

It's cold here
I take every single layer off.
You said you'd
See me on the other side
A sharp point
Pointed at the back of my head.
I'd never
Do that to you
There was a sharp point.

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My jacket was
Laying on the ground nearby
You told me
It was never worth the pain to die.
On that night
You saw I was by myself

I'm not going back in there.
The smoke here
Is from the ones I trusted

• FlutteR/RegulatE •

Armageddon
Are we gettin
As in, do you believe what the lithium's settin
Bismuth
Bis, this moth
Heh, just flying around in the dark
Don't turn back on the photons
Dark, dark paper.
Levitate underneath,
Carried off in its teeth
Across its tongue, a line of glue
He dropped it down and none ever knew
That scrap of paper that the lover did chew.

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The Definitive Miracule

I’ve crashed the
Theoretical bicycle

What’cha want to do babe?
Let’s get it down
Hand over that
Bag and lighter that
Absolutely like
Second vision life
Third vision type

Horus pineal
This is what they want to feel
They’re getting you into it
Getting you down into the zone
The heads spin and cry in the foam
It’s made in the brain
It’s made in the forest
It’s made for me and it’s called dammed horus.

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Yeah it’s that powder, grow louder
Off the spoon like clam chowder
Now your body’s now outer.
5th dimension no doubters
All around it surrounds her
Serotonin's a louser.
That water it doused her.
But that batter’s the master
Hold the sheets, growing faster.
Going faster, right past her.
Luster grows in the chorus.
The powder speaks to my horus.

The faces encased with my mind
We embrace
Don’t hold my hand.
I’m such a disgrace.
Never felt like I belonged,
Aloes of ayahuasca, what could go wrong?
The plane into space, erased
Transmitted into traces of paint
Black sky
Color scenes
Cyan face.
What does this all mean?

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Pushed with the theme
Inside my mind,
Life is a dream.
Life is a scream.
Unseen demons drink the same thing,
You came here, showed me a dream
Showed me the dimensions
Cookies and creme.

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White noise
Ripe ploys
For they come
And they comfort
Undone
I'm afraid of umbra
The frozen tundra,
Yeah, that's only my head.
60 mg, powder keg.
Powder horn
Down the barrel,
Cut the lights out.
Dry like Aral
White like plaque
Instant service
Life is hacked.
Knights of Basque.
Heart is sinking
"You've been drinking…"
Overtone
I can't stop thinking
I've already tried it.
Crystal vibrance.
Mystifience.
Mister perfect.
River Tigris.
And Euphrates
Garden Eden
Gates of Hades
Swirling banknotes
Ceaseless geometrics
They're wrong when they said it.
Everything's bigger here than Texas.

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Cause I’m sitting on years of
Higher levels
Of angel devils
Waning patience.
Lunar ancience.
Thoughts and swivels
Integrations.
Hollow handwork
Rock of ages
Kleptophobic.
Stealing conscience.
Even onset
I’m scared of my bed
I’m scared of my head
I’m fighting evil.
No hand in hand.
Recreation,
No demand.
No command?
Maybe banned.

5D Horus
Pineal gland.

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I Am Supposed to Be the Golden

I’m supposed to be
Who I want to be.
A rope around my throat, threatening.
Regretfully
I turn the chair and correct my hair and then stop.

My hands shake in my head.
I lost myself.
I know what I need to get to.
To know.
I know what I've failed to do.

And now there's just a few mere hours left.
I moved my hand forward, and what's that?!
I move in my chair and correct her hair and then stop.

It's all in my head.
I lost myself again.
My shooting license needs renewing.
The pot is brewing and stewing.
Stuck in the limbo,
Except the limbo feels like a helladise.
No dice.
I'm out of my mind.

My head isn't supposed to hurt like I rewind.
It never came without me getting better.
I notice the shift in the weather.
I move in my chair and ignore my hair and stop.

There is no option to stop.

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Another Friend I've Kissed

My town's a poor zoo
Cause we don't got no happy feet.
It's eighty in the winter
And there's never room for sleep.

I'm invested,
But my strength is tested
I wonder what it would be like
To go out and invest it.

You can't tell me what to think
Because I already thought it.
And if there's sauce but you want cheese,
Homie you know I brought it.

You've missed the point
I raise my hand as I drown.
My addiction's gone cold
And maybe that's profound,
But so far the only thing around
Is an oil shaken crown.
It never seems the same,
It never fits right.
I got a thousand pawns in here
When all I need is knights.
One clad in shining armor.
Maybe I should be that knight
But I'd get lost inside the arbour.

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Look,
Are you with me on this or am I lost in the night rain?
I'm like that dog you never liked to love
Never had enough.
But I'm not like that,
And to be quite fair you're unlike me.
I thought with my hands instead of my head.
Now the path back is blocked to society.
Or maybe not that.
Blossomed with another one, but never felt secure
Inconsistent with my moral view, but I'm just too unsure.
I'm in the clearance rack, but I never felt so dirty
Anyone who's been here before would never go asserting
That it's the time to break the sound
Back to the world which we go.
Maybe I've been orphaned,
I guess that's cool with me.
Maybe it's time that I take apart the trinity,
Or triangle, one of love and not of war.
Back to the pillow from which I rose before.
I stole my style from a star.
It really was just borrowed, it came in from afar.
Afar like in the sky.
But the only thoughts that came from there really made me question why.
Why'd I
Have to go out with a blip.
I wish it were you, not you
In this relationship.
I couldn't really get my mind in right
A dime tossed behind reminds me to write
But it's never going to happen.
Everybody knows that I'm never gonna tap in
To the rounds reverbing off my inner beat
To flip the table on the floor and rip up my receipt.
I know I'm sorry, I'm really just abysmal.
Every time I think about it, it wish it was so simple.
Like I'm laying in the park.
All the accusations made me wish life was less dark.

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I'd only thread the needle
If I knew where it would go.
But I'm just a computer
Nobody taught me how to sew.
Though I know the master ordered
My processing power, balanced on the lower border.
Might cost a quarter to play.
I'd court her like a rook if I knew it was okay.
But I guess no stopping there.
I'm about to pass out without giving any care.
Nowhere, where's my formal resignation?
I'm back in high school and the thoughts are perforation.
I'm always chasing, what I knew I'd never catch,
Without a plan, I demand to know what it is I've really missed.
And it beats up my mind she's
Just another friend I've kissed.

No Function

There's no function.
A piece of machinery.
Walk through the rosebush.
Become one with the scenery.

I said you know I'd never function
Without my daily dose of X
It's not a positive, no,
It makes me feel like I'd never get

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I’m furious about the function
About the reason why I lie
About how I took the coward’s way out.
And this coward is gonna die.

I’d scream if it worked in function,
But in practice I never tell
The things I said to hurt myself,
Are just the surface of this hell.

I’m gonna die by the function.
I hope I’m wrong, but man
I really am my own worst enemy
The one I least understand.

My function will rip up my future
I know it will and am scared about the days
That pass without her knowing that I knew what I had made

I cannot function any longer
I remain as unforgiven.
I know that within the near future
I’ll have to lay out my function.

Open Late for the Shell Gathering

It’s rough going on
But I know it’s real nice.
I told her about my issues
But all there was was cold ice.

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I'm making a statement.
Respect and engagement.
You never sit down to connect with the pavement.

It's just too much to think or work sometimes
So I wipe the sweat off my face and think of some rhymes.
I'm the face of the people.
But they really don't know me.
Everybody all around me doesn't really want to try.
What is the reason, I ask them and I sigh.

The tools I work with are so dry
They're never working right
They take control.

I guess I'm just sitting at a bench in the place.
I don't even feel like finishing any of this.
I feel kind of sick now that I think of it.

Oh, This?

What is this?
What have I done?
I'm losing my sleep
Because I'm a creep.
I'm truly beat.
I want to lay down.
I wish for oneness
Throughout this town.

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I was never a king of hearts
But I remain the jack of all trades
My queen isn't where she should be
I'm a joker just sitting in a cage

And that cage I said is my emotions
Locked away by the feelings that surround me
I think about my confinement daily
And all of the men that are drowning.

Although I can write some nice dialogue
And although I keep it pretty clean
I remain torn between my decisions
And the faults for which I'm redeemed.

They say that a bird in the hand
Is worth two birds in the bush
As many birds that sang to me
I remained silent in a hush.

I was never a king of hearts
Or a knight, always taking stance.
Every night I lose hours of sleep
And to my face I cannot glance.

I thought I'd never get myself here
But it's funny when you think about life
Don't know where I stand in love right now
I'm trying to remember my type.

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The sky cries rain down onto my bed
All the while I sit in a furnace
I want to continue and make her smile
But still I try to find my purpose

Who to love, and what to do.
I may not be swayed by my personal mind
A mind which thoughts oft pass through.

Oh this?
This is a recollection of us.
As well as a fearful look on the future.
My mind continues to bust
As we stray ever further.

In selfishness I came
And in sorrow will I go.
A mind in combat with the body
An insatiable duo.

If they could see right through me
Like a candle made of ice
I'd be down, unstructured, broken,
Without purpose for my life.

You know the things I did to you.
And you know how I want it to change.
Every day it seems we fall farther apart
My girlfriend, I'm in a cage.

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My visions clouded by sameness
You're the difference needed in this story
The feelings that I find too hard to shake
Is that our love may be memento mori.

I converse with the people in my head,
Often it is only lonely me.
You feel like you're left out and let down.
Then tell me that, please tell me.

I want to be in the right place.
That's the ideal for relationship
I've let you down, oh how could have I?
Oh this? It's just just a page in the remiss.

I'm not complete, I'm not done yet
Like an owl, I'm calm until the sunset
I'm a bird of prey, but it's natural to be an alligator
I just wish that I could always appreciate her.

I turn my head, because that's what I'm like
I turn in bed because I never once preferred that life.
About to give up, about to leave it all right here.
I treat my love like I never knew how to steer.

Fiasco

To tell you the truth,
Nah, I'm gonna have to plaster that
With a couple few lines about

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This little thing I call my history.
Mister me, let me see how we got me here.

This fiasco, yeah, I'm engulfing like a lake
I've became what I sought not to create.
Who am I? I'd like to take a step and think first.
Like a pink burst, for better or for worse,
Brain matter thinkin how I could possibly get versed
In the style and flow, the rhythm that you know.

Maybe I could get started just to see if the dream works.
Already been red carded but I really want to see change.
Got a lot in the pan, but I still don't need more heat.
Multiplying in my head like an album rearranged.

How to finally put it lightly:
I hate to break the news but I'd like to take it nicely
And this is the way I take it through.
Said I wanted it to never happen to you too.

Even after all that occured,
It seemed like the same, not a differed change in word.
But I'm scared and thinking smart.
How to break the news without making it tart?

No, no, no.
It's all just the same.
It happened all before now,
I said I wouldn't make it happen
But look just how it turned out.

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It kinda makes me laugh
But it also makes me sad
For being such a victim
I just want to be a lad.
Now I’m stuck in this occurrence
But I really think it’s for the best.
For everyone involved,
In an ocean, like a crest.

So perhaps I’ll become someone’s phase 1
And I don’t know how I quite feel
I’m jumping off the diving board
Into the ferris wheel.

It's not quite the same
With us being mature
And like you, still I
Remain to live unsure.

It's soon will come about
And I'm not entirely in the water.
I guess that's how it goes
I just really need the offer.

You know it's been so long
Perhaps is better to forget the wait.
It somehow feels so wrong
For myself to feel this way.

I'd give up my life
To just keep you safe.
And I know that's an offer
That you would never take.

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I feel this heavy baggage.
I'd cry to see her go.
But it's become impossible to reason
In a mind with my control.

I'll likely cry to think of it
To think of where our future would go.
But I can't ignore this feeling.
What is it like to know
That you're the victim of fiasco.
The next time occurs,
The fiasco became yours.

Unlike then, this is probably for the best
A pipe dream turned reality,
And a heart throttled in my chest.

Malt

Repair your past mind.
I almost passed out again.
I might need some help.

Wires inside my mind.
I’ve gone back to the colors.
And several teeth out.

Severed ties, remind
Why I still can’t do this now
Spins out of control

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Shattered

Slash slash
Better comment that out
I feel like trash and I gotta get out
Cuz the things I've seen aren't for nobody
I've cleared the data, here's the body.
It's in red, yeah I got value
Tell them here that I lost and found you
Truth is that I'm all around you.

I'm on the edge but so are my eyes.
I cut my skin, but no surprise,
No surprises none arises

I play you like a violin
I tore my strings inside my head
A half heart bar with no heart strings
That's what's rough and that's what stings.
I'm independent, isolated, out of thoughts and intoxicated.
I might've made it, but I'm remaking
The thoughts I just way back when
My mind was always brushed with sin.

It's a sign, we both saw it.
I'm out of my mind, but neither will call it.
I'm such a nuisance, like amoeba.
I get along like I never seen her

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Apostrophe monotony,
Everything I want to be.
I run the brush down off my skin
I touched my mind but not within.

Abusiveness, in the body.
It's alright don't tell me probably.
I'll tell you how to change but
You know I'm estranged huh?

Strangled in my tank
Like a fish to be quite frank
I'm biding my time, receiving
Back all the things I'm leaving.

I stand up to you
Objectively.
Removing our sanctity.
I sank deeply,
A tank with me,
Full dial on the turntable,
Let me out if I am able.

Cut the life force from between
Me and minds that seem to scream
My head's unstill, you know that too
Oh the things I'd do to do
Whatever things I could just do.

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Stop, man
Microphone drop man.
Sipping the silence like a tired pot of luck man.
I talked of greed.
I'm defining "bottomfeed"

I'm back irrelevant
I'm out of my element
Soaked the pages like a shattered dream
Shattered minds, I need some sleep.

Crack of the Sky, Lightning is I.

I'm broken dead.
I can't tell if I messed up or
If something's wrong with my head
I'm wanted dead, probably dead, not alive
The crash of lightning strikes, don't survive

I'm fuchsia lightning.
It's absolutely fuchsia frightening.
I've got a knife thing, here
I guess I really know how to pay for my past
Serrated by the blades, I put my face in the glass.

Man, I really hate living that.
I screwed myself over, taking paces way too fast
I clipped like braces in a cast.
I think I'll need stitches for the blades I amass.

I'm all about the riches, how I pay for my past.
Out of dollar dollar, get away from my class.

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Look
I’m in a hell wheel
A fire flame concealed
No shield, shields down,
Sky cracked, weighed down.
Progress stopped, I’m about to take a shot at everything that I taught.

I can’t even write.
My progress caught like a thief in the night,
I’ll take my sorrows,
Dunk them in marshmallow
Just to make them softer to when I tell Myra
My heart is burning fire.
Not even in the good way.
Everything that I tell her, everything I would say
I want it, always coming out right.
My heart in the office bleeding from the lead pipe.
They say she’s Mrs. Green.
I don’t see what they mean.
All of my life is living in the routine.
Rough around the edges.
Lost, but not in hedges.
Who brought the bush trimmers?
Take them to my heart, bump up the blood tremors.

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I said I need help,
Requesting every day.
Look up to the sky but she's all but turned gray.
I form a cloud out of air,
And I blew it in the face.
Just another thing to distract me from outer space.
I took it all wrong,
I went down the wrong path.
I said to her "what's wrong"
And all she did was laugh.
I said I'd get you BR
But all I've brought is BS
Conflicted by my mind.
I'm distracted, I'm a mess.

I'm a mess.
No matter how you call it.
Not depressed.
I guess it's all up to the wallet.
I said I'd be happier
Hell, I said it's better overall
The prince charming, in the night a wonderwall.

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I’m cursed.
A worse person.
I feel that way, I’m bursting.
A turf uncertain,
Nothing’s working
At night I’m lurking
I’ll pay for certain
Alive, and learning.
I’m sorry I hurt you, I’m sorry you’re hurting.

I know what I did.
I know what’s real.
They seem so different.
A man like an eel.
I’m shocked at my choice.
There’s plenty of fish in the ocean, but none like my voice.
I guess it makes sense whenever you view it.
I had a decision, so should I go through it?
I blew it, I knew it.
Don’t get misconstrued.
My choice was alone and alone shall I do this.
I’m wanting to help but breakups are a nuisance.
By using this service,
What’d she do to deserve this?
What if I go back, how far will we resurface?
Or maybe she drowns.
For truth will I know.
She can hop on my shoulders, I’ll swim back to shore.
Salt in my eyes, I can’t see her no more.
I’d give up my life.
Yes I know I would do.
I’d give up everything
For a life to give you.

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I don’t want it bitter
I just want it lain out.
Stained in my brain, this pain can’t play out.
What a play just played out.
I’m so scared of the future.
Libera me.
I’ll spend the rest of time in my room
Where I intend life to be.

What will all the others
Think of what they see?
What becomes of her mind?
What will she think of me?

Earlier today,
I wondered what she thinks of me.
I’ve never had this feeling.
I’m sorry for being me.
I’m a coward for doing this type
Of subliminal note format
I’m upset for the way I write
I don’t know where I’m at

In the physic or mind.
You’d take me off, watermelon rind.
So hard to find
A way out of here.
I need some time
To reappear.

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Caught with my arm
Slowly letting go
Lifting her up
Just so I could know.

Even now I can't understand
How the hell I took this path
I'm sinking to the floor
I'm drowning in the bath.

A Tormented Mind

Can't catch my sleep
I'm chasing metallic sheep
Floating over me like I'm three feet deep
So shallow, but allow me to speak.

I've hit rock bottom,
Climbing back up to my peak
I'm niagara falls
Don't go chasing puzzles if they're unsolved

Here's a drop of my mind
Held at gunpoint for the fruit I'd never find
And I rewind to when everything was good
Meeting in the aisle just the way the world should.

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In the darkness of the house
I hear a soft whisper summoned
A voice that seemed foreign
But all too the same
It shatters me in my heart
Crying on linoleum
The waterfalling starts

It seems so pitted empty
Like there's no point in wasting ink
While the darkness grows around me
The sleep I need does shrink.

Mocked by the crowd of belligerents
Because I had stains on my hands.
The stance I took and planted
Crowed the bird-faced man.

You know that weak empty hollow feel
You get when someone lies
And how the food in you just don't sit right
When a tormented mind dies

Off focus, like the lens of my eye
Left for dead on a cold midday in July
I lost myself, come pick me up by
A sorry sidewalk on Cortex Drive.

I keep explaining, but I don't know why
I kept on walking but without a cry
Looking at the ground to which I'd fall,
"Please come back, recover all"

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Mister President.

Mister president.
I apologize for all the late fees
On my late nights I go quietly

Mister president.
You're intelligent, just had to present
A second side, my two cents
Present tense
It's time to decide
If it's still together or if you have to say goodbye
And I know it'll be hard

Mister president.
The future is unwritten
Even if what was to come was in a vision
We don't go quietly
Even if you live this reality
You'd stand by me
As I'd stand by you
There's always something else that we can do.
But this isn't about me

Mister president.
It seems like tough all the time
Living that life, so rough, take it slow
I'm rusty on the paper
But shining in the head
We will have you in our thoughts
And in the pages it'll be then.

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Mister president.
Your bus has come.
You made it thus far,
We'll jump back in the trunk.

Infinite Power

I have infinite power
This present just ain't enough
I can control the past and future
But never controlled a brush

I've seen my infinite power
The ability to make free
Any emotion caged in me
I'm going on a spree
To do whatever it is I want
To complete another story
Don't you look so nonchalant

I want to see how it goes
How to make a dream or what
I could make the world all happy
Or maybe do you know what.

I could be whatever I want
I could hold the world in my dermis
I could fix a broken friendship
Or give myself resurgence.

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It could be so carefree
Since I'm the holder of the key
The key to your dreams
Or whatever I want really,
Your life is at my control
Like a puppet, controlling eerie.
It sounds so very terrible
But trust me, I'm very gentle
Even if I have infinite power,
I'm never being resentful.

Just a speculation, anyway.
A life so far from perfection
But I'd make it all okay

In any way I want
Whether I use it for bad or good
You'd never give a thought

Because I have total control here.
I make my life into anything I want
As soon as I create that world,
I promise that it will be naught.

And it may seem psychopathic.
But it's just so flattering, you see.
I'll make that world with infinite power;
A world that's only for me.

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So Far

You left me so far,
Somewhere.
I'm so far away
Since the blind yesterdays

I can't think
My shades on but sun is bleak
I wanted to cry today, gotta speak
I just can't stop thinking about you

Or maybe the notes I sang to
My heart it beats, it's plain truth.
And a part of me takes the blame too
Each head lives under the same roof
And each lie lives under the same truth.
We die, we each buy the same shoes.
No alibi, just respect to the way you
Took hold of my heart and made moves
This sound of the music is plain beautiful

I miss you, you still come back
In my mind like a soundtrack
Spin up in my mind, now fadeback
I loved your eyes, they're coal black
I can't remember that flashback.
Tears on my pillow, can't turn back.
You were the needle in the haystack
I remember your house, those fruit snacks
I remember her, now I need Prozac.

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My mind's so blue, now flatlined
Had a couple thoughts, now rewind.
Computer thoughts, but I know I feel
I'm missing them, achilles heel.
I feel surreal, I'm back in the snow shoes
Hiking and hiking but still I know I'd lose
Losing all of the loved ones
The ones which through my blood runs.

I'm tired of pretending that
My cortex ain't spinning.

Because it spins when I think of you all.
I'm so far away; away I go, awol.

Words I Should've Said but Still Can't

I'm missing
I really don't know what I'm missing.
Took a few steps, fell into a fiction
A lie, sometimes I believe it.
Stop, I need an intermission.

I don't really know what I want, no
I just can't stand here no more
Throwing myself out on the floor
Take my clothes off and lock the door.
Something feels fishy, like albacore.
Oh no, just my mind, let me take four.

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Let me take five.
There's something I have that you might like.
It's hidden in my head, that's just my type.
We could keep it chill and talk all night
And we could shoot the breeze as long as everything's alright.
We could make believe like we live in a world of light
And we could listen to music and stay out of sight
You know we'd get cloudy eyes and... I don't know, alright.
We'd sip the cups and our eyes would gleam as my poems lead this flight.

I'd hate to think what I'd do to write this for
I've messed up no matter what, I cannot change the floor
No change of space, I always wanted more
Than who I am right now, because I need it in my core

I apologize for me, but I really think I must go
I can't leave, I won't leave but you really need to know
You must keep it on a level five, I'm chill at level three
Take some self assurance, some responsibility
For yourself and the things that you wish you could change
Every day I think of my life it's getting awfully strange.

I'm sorry about the whispers
And the chains I try to break
I can't fulfill the life you want
Or even fill a lake.

I fear the time has come of which
Your lamentations shall be proved
Even still, I continue telling you
That you still can make it through.

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I’m a drifter on this island
There’s things I wish but still can’t say
Always room for another time
But no time left in the day.

Help I Don't Know What is Happening

I have nobody
I know nobody has me
I can only hold my pillow
I can never go to sleep
There's something wrong tonight
And I feel stuck in the endless loop
I'm suffocated for air
And my mind is fuzzy too.
I can only punch my leg
Because only I want to get hurt
My life force is sucked out
I'm going to tie my neck with my shirt

Seven Seven Strawberry

I got a lot, you see
I took my shot and lost, you see
I gave it all I got, apostrophe

Holds possession
A grudge I see,
No direction

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I'm still stepping off the edge of the lesson.
No use talking when everyone else is so depressing.
So I reckon, that the mesh in which I'm confessing,
Still holds ground when in the end I take recession

I got a seven seven strawberry
I'm not gonna be used like a slot machine
I thought machines
Had some dignity, like me, I'm trying to move on
The faster this blows over, then the faster that it's gone.
Everything I've rushed upon and everything that's touched upon
Continues to be unraveled like the yarn I've started on
If there was an issue, I'd forgive you, but I thought you'd return the favor
I'm like the blade of the helicopter that's sharpened as sharp as a razor.
Because the cause of the damage I caused is possible to change but later.
It takes the time to cool and take away all this inertia
And while we still abandon ship, I'd never want to curse ya.
I took my time to work it out, but still they shut me down
I'm like the doors of a Blockbuster; they're no longer cared about.
It's like the river that cuts the banks of an ever changing forest,
Although the trees around me will cease to stand just like the promise
I push on through the brush, and back to the ocean do I flow
Just like how you break the slot machine to give it another go.

JCB4L (We All Loved You Man)

It's broken
Like my mind
And we feel like we're choking
On the loss
Of someone we looked up to
And you looked over the dock

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You said it yourself
As you took that video
You said you were sorry
And now it feels so unreal, you know

In your own words
“Everyone has to pay for their sins
And now the walls have closed in too quick”
And while some among us looked blindly
You chose to take yourself in the risk

You wanted to see people grow up
And see games to be played
To see movies and technology
Or see what legacy you made

And as you took off your backpack
Uploaded the video that night
Straightened your hair
Repeated the phrase in your mind,
As you looked into the water
As you shook your head at the sky
As you licked your lips
And held pain in your eyes

Before the person walked by to see what lay there
Before your body came in
Before the world mourned your death
Before the new day begins

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Before your name brought tears to my eyes
Before I lay in tears in my room
Before tonight felt as long as your last,
You jumped off Manhattan Bridge on the 19th of June.

The Floating Island

I live on a floating island
Where the fog holds secrets below
I look down, with my head in the clouds
But the visions beneath don't show.

On this floating island
The garden is on the edge
And I've heard from the people inside my head
That there's a monster living in the hedge.

But I pay no attention to the voices
They make me question what they mean
All you can see is the clouds and the sun
The grass here is so lush and green

But the sun here is ever so silently
Clouded by the fog that surrounds the earth
I look out my window to view the running air
Like water, air vanishes as quick as it's observed.

So it is peaceful on this celestial body
Not quite like the dwellings which you've former known.
Although I don't know what secrets are held down there,
The sky and the clouds still remain to be my home.

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Respect All Adults and Never Talk to Strangers

I'm a bag
Because I like it when I have holes
I like feeling empty and I like repeating
Everything I've ever said; it's just so relieving.

I like losing control and being unable
To control my actions, and I like that I'm unstable.
I like it when life hurts and when my food is cold.
I like to think that I will die someday when I am old
But who knows, could it be sooner?
I like it when the entire world exists in my computer.

I like going up to people and scaring them away
I also like how you seem to ignore everything I say.
I like it when food's raw, I like it incomplete.
I enjoy my life when I get stares from everyone I meet.
I'm satisfied when my fingernails just continually hurt.
I like it when she dragged my entire life through the dirt.
I smile when I see somebody fall and call for help.
It's fun for me when I understand we live in hell.
I'm delighted when I see something amazing burn in flames.
I liked it when people always bullied that kid named James.
I like it when people think their life is at its end.
I like how people always just abandon their own friends.
It's thrilling to see humans destroy each other just for kicks.
It's lovely greeting them as they cruise on down the Styx.

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I'm really out of words, that's all I have to say.
I bid farewell but you can tell
And you can be as sure as hell
That I'll come back for you someday.

The Information

There are many vibes in this life I need fulfilled.
But so many of them have gone away.
I remember in my life when I first loved you.
And I recall when I said you need to stay.

I understand where my complications arise from:
They came from a time when I was not yet grown.
I brought them upon myself in one way or another,
But too young was I to have completely known.

I work around the clock for my paid wages
They are paid in information to my memory.
I learn more about you every single day, love.
But the more we talk, less you remember me.

You've heard of the people with that description.
I was one, and some extent I still ascribe.
I was always happy to give you conversation,
And you were just happy that I was still alive.

I was cornered, at my core, I was not hopeless.
The look in your eyes, I knew I saw something more.
When I tried to project a girl named Myra,
My life tried to reproduce the sacred lore.

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I now see the consequences of that mindset
But nobody gets me now it really seems.
Or perhaps this mixed bag is like a dart board;
Like a game that we played when were teens.

But I know it'll be months until you read this
Better late than when I am no longer here
And there's a good chance you'd not really bother
So I really hope we got our conscience clear.

I can't plausibly ignore the past and memories
As seen by my lack of switching points.
There's a vibe I heard from the information.
You know I'd never want to disappoint.

I lost the vibe of surrealness as of late.
And all the feelings that were then attached.
So I'd create a world that all of you would be in,
And maybe returning vibes might be unmatched.

I've been analytical for quite a couple years now.
I've been through many endeavors on my path
I have to find the information on my journey,
And still the people in it are harder than the math.

Accelerometoratorette

What's up? I can't see ya
I take the time to write my rhymes and rap out my ideas
Wrap you up in bubble wrap, in the trunk like it's Ikea.

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Assemble later, accelerator, we keep the dial up.
I file up all these rhymes while you're still stuck on dial-up chimes.
Yeah.
I came and I asked when the intellectuals coming in?
Your rhymes are trash, Jack the Ripper called it a sin.
That's the deal I guess, fold your hand and turn it in.
No ace is up your sleeve because the king has just come in.

You're a pawn, or a prawn, even your prose knows you're a con.
You wake up in the early dawn and you're still in the bronze age.
Imma slice you and serve you up like Red Lobster on my plate.
I came out swinging, you just stepped out of the gate
You're like a tile floor without CLR, you'll simply deteriorate.

I go in hard on this diss, your raps are like Swiss
Like Swiss cheese, empty and holed, there's no holes in these bars.
You can't escape this lightning, stop lying to the stars.
You ain't a hit.
I could finish a stage show before you finish your respite.

There's not alot left for me to say, you're already out of breath.
Maybe I should give you a break before you get up next
Or maybe you'll fall on the mat in seven seconds flat
Either way, it's okay, I guess you've had your last at-bat.

Yeah… On Second Thought

Let me point my finger guns,
Let me wait your tables
Let me get you another martini,
Let me work down at the Staples

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In New Hampshire or New York
Let me make an album with Rae Sremmurd or Thom Yorke.
Let me show you where you'll stay at Hotel Shanghai.
Let me take my opioids and we'll get China high.

Let me live on the streets, let me run from bullets quick,
Let me take you to the theatre and we'll all watch a flick.
Let me lay on the floor and find me in your trunk,
Let me play in the NBA and watch me get a dunk.

Let me run a Ponzi scheme, because that's what breaks the bank,
Let me be just like a fish and escape a water tank.
Let me serve up the works and become a hit success
Let me be a crooked man and I'll let you do the rest.

Let me go missing in Uganda before the dawn.
Let me become a random monk in the jungle of Vietnam.
Let me be among the people that live in Korea, North.
Let me be a racecar driver and tell me to drive forth.

Let me have some more Tsikuni, we're not going home.
Let me take my girl to Italy, we're gonna go see Rome.
Let me do your job interview, see if you're qualified
Let me still run the world, let me commit suicide.

Let me commit cyberterror, quite the dream, don't you think?
Let me help you in the bathtub, let me help you to the sink.
Let me be a drywall, like a commercial guy on TV.
Let me escape a nightmare with a glimpse of reality.

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Let me be a mosquito in a minefield
Or a shark inside a box
Let me be a mole in endless dirt.
Let me only have 3 socks.

Let me be dehydrated, hydrophobic
Let me peel off the old hangnail
Let me continue to be who I want to be
While my ship has just set sail.

Oswald, Life Journey

Allow me to introduce you
To a friend, I'd like to call.
He's been on a journey, his life,
And his name happens to be Oswald.

Allow me to show you what he's done.

As the servant is to the master,
So the man is to the world.
As the young boy crossed his arms
So his arms are crossed the world.
As the man with hollow heart,
So the heart digs deeper still
As the One who gave you breath
So the One asks quicker still

You know Oswald is around you.
You know you can see it in your head
You know you'd die if you can't see him
You know you'd be killed anyway instead.

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As the darker vine chokes out the healthy
So the sin strickens the heart from good
As the doubt grows deeper in your conscience
So Oswald's anger groweth too.

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And Oswald is coming back for you
And you'll be sleeping, without a doubt.
We're deceiving you.
He's knocking at your door right now.
Keep your soul safe and protected
Inside my eyes made of glass
Look into my eyes, and don't look back
Oswald is coming, but I attack.
My arms 'round you like we're dancing skulls
What's a party without the bulls?
What's a life without a wrench?
Where's the park with the purple bench?
Where's my life? Am I okay?
Why are you down here today?
Why'd I never think this through?
Is my life worth more than you?
I want the rules to keep me checked.
And don't even think I'm done here yet.
I was the beginning, I am the beginning
I was there when the Earth stopped spinning!
I wear your clothes and I wear your skin
We're all just blood and flesh within.
I AM Oswald, I'm living my life journey
I AM the thoughts inside you yearning
I AM all-powerful, all-knowing and odd.
I AM the chatter, the wink and the nod.
I AM your captor, I am insane.
I AM no man, I am your domain.
I AM who I'm running from,
I AM the total fear.
I'm really just any other whine in your ear.

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My soul still remembers.
And sinks within me.

Father Has Left Me

I'm going back into the past time
When I never felt like I would die
When I was so lonely and afraid I
Always followed what you'd say, why?

I feel like you've gone away
And it grows every single day
And I know I'll never be the man
That you thought I could be.

And If my soul is lost
It's a loss for my mind and me
But you seem slow to care
Or is it all in me?

I played with my knife
I danced with the demons
I flayed my sore eyes
I know too well the secretions

I'm not sure I'm loved
I need explanation, not staccato
I need some sign from above
In excelsis Deo.

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I’m a very good boy, I know
I want to be locked up alone
I’m quite a spiffy lad, I know
I’ll take you with me back home.

I’ll ask one time again
If I can buy time with tears
I’ll continue to live or die
And tarnish my ink with smears.

You Probably Know the Reason Why My Head is Full Of

I got up and chunked, yuh
I wrestled in my bunk, huh.
I got blocked like bricks, yeah.
You got down like kicks, shush.

Shut the door.
Out the edge.
I got money packed
In my fridge.

My bed white like me, but I
Think so differently, the truth.
Won't you just give in, the juice?
I took her like a friend would do.

I lose friends like change, got it
I got a jagged phrase, my pocket.
I grabbed bottles of water, plastic.
You took the old way out, drastic.

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This is who I claim to be.
My claim to fame, yuh
Is two checks of three, two checks of three

And you besting me?
While you play from the corner
And you use your knees?
Yeah, I restore order.

I could chuck buckets
About you or me
But I don't suck puppets
And I don't chase bacon
So jump off the summits, oh wait
I'll jump off the summits, okay?

Cause I don't chase hummus
I don't stand for free
So gimme the number
All out of stutters

I took all the waste down into the basin
You think I'm a rake that looks like a raisin?
A beast of the burden, it looks like I'm caged in.
My feelings are barred by barbecue cajun.

See melody, get better, better.
Crazy recipe, I met her, met her.
Crazy on the dome
I deconstructed your home
I put a sphere inside a cone
And wrote a poem about buspirone.

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Nightmare on a Loop

I don’t know why you turn away
And always double cross me
I’m never-changing, but you seem
To change me in a heartbeat
The way I walk and glances
That we trade along the way
I’ve been puppeted, erupted
I’d never suspect the day.

I’m never in the distance
I treat you like a mistress.
You’re magnificent, Alcoholo
You sprint but I will follow.
My opposite of darkness
Two X’s on my conscience.
I want your cards of heartless
But afar were you regardless.

Won’t you ever let me see those eyes?
I can’t help but think about them every time.
I’m washed up by my blood
I’m in this alone, anyone’s welcome to jump in.

So won’t you ever let me see your eyes?
I’m like a pumpkin in the January,
Confused, and out of place
I’m choked up, need you like I need my space.

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I’m out here pacing in the parking
Lot, I keep on walking.
I like the pretty flowers
That you wear so very often.
You ring out like a skipping
Stone on gentle waters
I’d ring you but I never
Really told you very often.
I never wished to be together
But I guess that’s the case with everybody.
I cannot keep you off my mind
You’ve turned me against my body.
You’re just the opposite of darkness
An idol like a bridge I jumped over without a harness.

So please keep me in mind.
Please make me think better.
I uh,
I’m always there if you need anything.

ec

I've become desensitized
It makes sense that I
Would need a light to follow

Extra cranial means that
It's out of mind
Surpassing what is hollow

Counterintuitively
Ec is making me mature quickly

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Remember, like in the past
When I was just another bloke in my class

But now I smoke dopa
I really would've hoped a
Younger I would've tried to flip the table side
But now I have another life I hide from all the eyes.

I kill the dragon before he topples
Over the sticks and puppets
I willed myself to die to self
Resulting in obstruction.

Every chance
I choose to make
Can take me to ec
Not that I miss'd
Nor would rather be,
Just need to clear the tubes.

Head Up and Arms Back

There’s a light
In the sky
But there is none, it’s just in my eyes.

I’m looking above
And I see
Another me, without the overtaking flaws.
I am the claws
That break the laws

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So I'll claw and I'll claw
Until there's nothing at all
Because my writing is gone
And my mind has moved on
Ever since I started new
All I've thought about is you
So I'm prime to let go
It's time that they know

I wanted just to tell them I'm so past overdue
My head has looked up
And my arms have fall'n back

Giving Up Ground

I want to know, Applejack
Is that murder in your head?
I want to know, in your words
If you know the rules, every one?

I wish to know, Applejack
How much ground have you lost?
I wish to know, really know
Why I feel my chest cracking.

I wonder now, Applejack
Why my chest feels like a bomb
I wonder how, only how
You could let life come to this.

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I know it’s hard, Cherrybard
To be so temperate in this life
I know it’s hard, always marred
Because I hate stupidity

You’re just so slow, Strangemellow
I want to just leave without thee
You’re just so slow, you all know
You’d never get anywhere without me

You know I’d break, Columnsnake
If people would be more noisy.
You know I’d break, when I’m awake
The lights and noises outside me.

The World is Round, I've Put Three People on Their Death Bed

The world is round
But they say it burned
Like a cigarette butt thrown into hay.

The deer exist
But they say I'm sick
Because I don't want to limit what I say.

There's oxen for eating
But still they cry bleating,
"You forced all the people to lay down your bricks"

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There's waves on the ocean
But I say in my closing,
I want to know what makes this world tick.

A formidable beast
One can't easy see
There's plenty of space in Kowloon.

I'm not sure of Big Hoss
Am I truly my own boss?
Which do you think one could eagerly take the option to choose?

Nobody really cares to know
Since we're all built not to think
But someday we'll find ourselves standing with the keys
And life will find out which doors you've opened most
And you'll be a hammerhead with the eyeballs of a ghost.

I learned how to tie a noose
At a store one afternoon
I taught myself how to do it
But of use would it be to who?

Am I the automata inside you crying?
Do I love or hate the mob?
Are the people here or gone?

Are the snowy summits old in story?
Are the bastions of nothingness standing strong?
Am I returning,
BREAK
Returning,
To the machinery and drugs held deep inside song?

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It feels all so scripted
It all feels so scripted
CPX
BNE
DMT
CBT

FuBroken Computerck

There's a line down my throat,
I'm not sure how it appeared.
There's a break in the system
A break and what is really weird

I said dance, computer, dance
Turn around and pass a glance
Tip your hat and the tip of your lance
Felt like my foot broke yesterday

Felt like my head's gone today
Felt like my eyes are decayed
Felt like a turn of a phrase
Felt like, DANCE, COMPUTER, DANCE

I'm mad and I'm drunk
I'm sad and I'm sunk
I glatted the gunk
Laid in the trunk
Slept in my bunk
I'm a bone in my head

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I hate you world
I hate your imperfection
I hate you society
I hate interaction

I hate you for what you've done to me
I hate you.

Broken and dead
Left for buzzards
I kick you in the mouth
I will not let you die peacefully

I mark my syntax with bullets
Not semicolons.

A Moment With You

Oh, the things one could say on a night like today
Patience is a virtue, but let me bring you around a yarn.
The story, the legend, the three year odyssey
Comes rushing back around like the music of a prodigy.

Like the music of your voice
It all comes back around in my head and I rejoice.
I never knew when two palms would clasp.
I never knew who always made you laugh.

I never knew the sunset could seem so dull compared to you
Your eyes hold many words to speak but you know I need no clues

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Every dream I've reached for
So many heart strings that we've strummed
So many words we picked up
So many quiet hums

A piece of this life's story
Of these sacred years I've longed
A night to end all others
A time to write our songs

I'm lost inside those eyes
And mellifluous voice I cherish
I remember what I said last night
And no, I spoke not careless.

A moment with you...
Oh, my head feels fuzzy.
A moment with you
Is indescribably lovely

A moment with you
My dreams and reveries
A moment with you
Emotions erupt from my body.

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Though the Smoke Moves West

This beauty is perfect
On this incomparable day
This world is calling you
The leaves say to stay
But one day to the next
These winds have gone away
The nature and world are mine today
Tomorrow will be gone today

This science fiction is dreams
This air is the color of peace, it seems
The ground fog is our memory
And our lives outshine the sun!

Con Visible

You tell me.
You tell me why I care so much.
You tell me
Why you won't shut up
Don't tell me why I'm not good enough
Don't look at me like I'm really tough stuff

Deny me not my just fruits of burden,
Note.
Deny me not a knot around my virgin Throat

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Dance with your pretty toenails
All over your blood splattered tricks up the wall
Spinning and spinning, like a wire spinning
Flash, cocks the rounds, clocks em straight, kiss, bang.

Flash cocks your head as you sit against the snow
Busts of Isaac Newton bring your liver to a glow.

Kiss me in my red blood cells
Make margaritas from the fluid in my spine
Dapper even tougher than a carpet made of wood
Lock me up and tie me up and throw me.

Please, Lord, I just want to lie down
Please hear my call
Please don't muffle me out
Don't leave me here.
Reach a hand in me and tell me what you find
I'm made of wires.
Tell me if that doesn't make you mad.

Hand me over,
I'm your George Orwell
I'm Big Brother
Go to hell.
Tell me how it go
Choke yourself out
Choke us both

My body's got more holes than a harmonica
Blow me out of here
Out of my body
I'll return to another dimension

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Where dictators run around with you in flowers
And the lamplights bend over to touch your hair
Where eggshells are broken while we are the yolk
Where you are everyone's stranger.
Where you burn like horsehair
Your ashes make music to the wind
Your lover makes drums out of my freshly cut lesions.
You can send my check in the mail.

I'll crack like a whip
I'll burn the establishment of heresies
I'll break you open
I'll break you
I'll break
I will.

I will.
I'll cry
I'll cry out
I'll cry out "mercy"
I'll freeze you until you are sleeping with the cabbage
I'll stop like glue.
I'll stop completely
I'll stop stalking you.

Crows are the only thing around me that exist as I know it.
Tell me I'm wrong.
Tell me.
I'm wrong.

I'm sorry.

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I'm sorry.

I'm wrong.

Second South

Made by
Yours truly
Träume
In Juli

I'm your second south
I take no second to reach you
Got that pain popping pop
Gimme a second, a second to stop.

I gave you a year,
You gave me the fear
I got, you got, we got, huh

Turn around, sun, lunar eclipse
18 to 1, sooner than this.
You lose her, you miss
You loser, you fished
Fishing to flee
Empty nets,
Plenty of fish in the sea.

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Choking on life
I still bought you flowers
I woman, a wife
The painstaking hours
Outside by the wall
Inside by my head
Some drown in the bottle
I drown in my bed
I don't drown my head
I down my regrets
There's waves of soft anger so I can't repent

I swallow your words
I swallow you whole
I'm one of the seven,
Unseen like a mole.

So slam shut the cabinet
Your folders are rearranged
Take out all the documents
Forgive, erase.

I'm loopy, like Shiva with the hands
Nothing to me, like a crisis with the fans

Take out something from the totality
I take notes from everyone in this reality.

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Wonderfully

A world exists that is beyond me
A digital library, spaciously
Keep my mind
Keep my mind in check
In your loving arms
I'm my own self
I'm the lover, the charm.

I love all the people
Who exist as their own selves
Not as a thought in solipsism
Not as my workshop's elves.

I love myself
Who exists, who is really alive
Not as a machine, turning dials
Not as a program reciting lines.

I love the music
That brings me back to the rain
Staring out these glassy windows
I'm escaping, no feign.

Nothing for me to hide
I'm alive, I'm living, I'm mine.
In spacious rooms you meet my mind
Life is once again my romance

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Repeat the cycle
Repeat the beauty
A Myra for the landscape
A Myra for the new me

A new love, a new hope
The new dew, the new scope.
A new urge, to be pure and one
With the nature I've learned to love.

A new precipice has formed
I look over at the sea.
I'm in love and I'm sitting beneath
Your cherry blossom tree.

Coldoroscopianshavopascogegen

You broke it
You broke it

Hey ho
Broke it yo

You broke it
Wit
And I writ
You broke it

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Initiation 2

Life inside a glass house
With wires enveloping my legs
I live inside a glass house
A house feet above the waves

Asleep she lay in the center
As the crisp wakes rise and fall
Beside the bowls of water and clovers
And the wires saying “reinstall”

Life inside a glass house
All of my friends I left behind
Books and machinery clutter the walls
And I wash my face in my mind

Fresh grass grows in the center
As her body lay soft as a lily
Blue and beige polychromes
Yet all is wires that fill me

Life inside a glass house
And here at the center I’m soothed
Here I wonder as I lay by the screen,
“Will you be my Vanessa too?”

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It's What I Wish I Never Knew

I need a vacation,
Scratch that
I'm in danger
You give me the blades and
I'll sell you the razor

No more paper, no more paper
Gonna run out like money, I'm in danger
Thoughts endangered yet I'm left
So seemly unprovoked
So discontent with what I'm left with,
No, too much I've taken hold of

I'll take losses, like a good man
I'll say sorry, as I understand
Confined here, with no second chance
Gonna find out who's Britain, who's France?

Look
Like a magnet, I've just about had it,
Lost in my mind like a rat in the attic
Spear my hand like catching haddock
Yes I am weak, yes I'm an addict

I'm an addict, with nobody's help
I'm drowning here, no Michael Phelps
Feel like I'm broken on a shelf
Just punch your clock,

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Your nine to twelve
I hate this thing, I wish you well
I hate this thing, peace befell

I feel it taking control as I piece this piece
I'm abstract like a Piece of Reese
Hear the loud crack in my heart and hand
Let me lay down for sleep or a ban

Let me sleep, please, I need a pill pusher
I need the sweet keys of a boxer or butcher
Catch all these flies in my venus fly pitcher
Spit out the lies they drink up like hard liquor

Spit out the info pertained to J. Ripper
Let's all play her nice, let's not be a stickler.
Infested like mice, a cheese-milk mixer,
I broken the chandelier overhead light fixture.

We all do our time when time comes to felt zippers
No reason or rhyme when I talk to Agrippa.
A book of the dead, my name written in
The lies that I've fed, my name written in
A book of the dead, names that should not be
The lies that I've fed, names that should not be

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It’s simply what I wish
I wish I never knew
I came for a fish,
I left with a shoe
A hate and complex
So complex to be
A mind with no upper
Bounds on promiscuity
A breath and those eyes
Broken open by light
I should’ve been asleep
Six hours ago tonight.

Bury Me In Love

Nothing on you.
I've got nothing on me
I want that third anchor shoe, baby
Yeah I got nothing on you

I need your
Crow fumble green seventeen for
Debris left between my teeth or
Someone who's just got nothing on you

Bury me with a sound
Like the one you make when you come around
Ankle bound
Talk to me cause I got nothing on you

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Just a moment, a few,
Her eyes got nothing on you
The beaten focal point view
Yeah my eyes are nowhere on you
But my mind clears my view
And pretty soon I'm living inside you

Convenience Store

It’s a retreat, lift the anchor
Fell off my feet and off my tanker
Like a convenience store
Walkin about, what am I searching for?
Lurching forward
I take out the foreword

And still it is your words
That kill the blue birds
Cause the rainy Anabelles to cry
Take the sun from the sky
My eyes off the shelves
In this convenience store of clerks and bells

I hope this message affects you true
I drop to my knees on linoleum, blue.

Fly Like a Dove

Fly away to your great abode
A heaven above, a Hammurabi Code
A sixteenth note, no, seventeen
Fly like a dove to your penultimate daydream

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Fly away and bring back an olive branch
A sign of life, life only an avalanche
A cubic sphere, a well rounded brick:
I'm falling down to be caught on a branch or stick.

Fly, life awaits you!
Fly into a hole in my chest
Fly with your shotgun
And your assault vest!
Fly like a dove
Like bullets made of
Ribbons and pianos

Fly,
Fly, my love,
To the place where doves bathe in flames.

War Hornet

Falooker
Take me home
Take me home
War hornet
Take me home.

War hornet
Kick my mouth
War hornet drive me south

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Four scorenet
And seven wars ago
War hornet
Alter ego.

I'm tortured
I'm a war hornet
I bought you droves of whispers
I fought off demons and witches
I cut my green-eyed wishes
Tomorrow there will be hell for the fishes
And hell for us
I'm a war hornet who rides the city bus.

I'm Robin

Just had this crazy feeling
As you return
To the land of oft-believed

There's no sunshine in you
Phony people walk away.
I'll take you down
As this message is ever-true

No point in inverse shifting the wall
This will haunt me until I die
What is there when there's nothing at all?

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Wash away my skin
The rain has come
The rain will fall within
If I'm Robin then you're Benjamin.

I will dye these memories black
Until my moment comes
And I am swept up in the mist of time
You'll be there, apology a crime.

Sittin in the Cubicle, That's About It

A redux, just like a free hug
Once again, there's cleavage between us
And he must be
So sure that he could trust you and you could trust me

I don't get
How one could wake up wet:
A paper airplane replaces a jumbo jet
Airliner

It ain't fair how you wear such cherry shoe shiner
I must be so I must
Got a spade down in this dust
I get laced with
Replaced with
Spores of rake rust

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You precious soul insider
A jeopardy party recliner
An ounce per day
I waste away
You waste your time to find her.

Paine's Axolotls

I've got my hand on the frame of the door
But no door was there to be found.
A common misconception
These statutes you've always mentioned
A cascadation,
When you come around.

He told of splits and schisms
Of life, liberty, and hopes.
I've told of splits and schisms
Of friends, enemies, foes.

And what a world amazed me,
A mindset I helped to raise me
Above it all
Through the rise and fall
I'm in my mind
I hear your call

Then listen to mine
Over a midday luncheon or later a wine.
Paine's axolotls, we may, may not be
But is certain we will avoid dichotomy.

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It’s too much to pass up
But I’m healthy like a palm
A yarn to be knit, we find ourselves in;
This life writes itself as a psalm.

Do Not Fall

Siam
Why am I so
Michael Myers
Secret agent
Under liars
Complete destruction
Stand your ground
There's no function
Out of town
A special one
A circumstance
Restriction metal
Fattest chance
Tempur-Pedic
Never steady
Rebel boy
I'm never ready
Let it go
Like a dream
That you- well,
It's unseen.

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I Have No Bad News

It's my first time
Feeling like this, so
I can handle the pieces turning this way

Add to the fact
I feel kept intact,
Cause there's more to my sentiment, I feel

Like that music I told you about
But you had no clue what I was talking about
I'm about ready for a journey,
Adventure, some say
But it's time for the eel to reach out into day

Like music, the creation
Of memories, remember the songs
I added to my playlist that reminded me of you

I guess I've got a lot to look forward to
So much I've left behind
So much, it makes me happy I know you
Not just you, but others alike
Every single day

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I Hate Summer

I'm not fixing lines
I skip over rhymes
I'm about done for about the last time

I hate summer
Reject false friends
Don't get addicted
Keep up with pens
Stomp bad thoughts
Wicked children go to jail
Wicked children must behave
Everything that matters,
You'll do today
I'll kill you for being lazy
Yes, I will.
I'll slaughter you.
Don't idle introvertly
Don't skirt the book code
Don't book code the skirt

Benzrad Zhu
I'll support you
Support, keep it up
Spread good.

I want to beat you.
Like, force you to
Hurt in some way
I don't know how I'd say
I need to write actual poetry soon

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My heart is chopped liver
A sliver of my heart home
Heart homeless
Generally not like this.
Go the hell to bed already

L'infinito Cammino

I think I'm ready to go home
But it's not my time yet
I think I may be ready to go to sleep
But I know it'd kill you to hear

I think I'm ready to drop
Peacefully falling back
Like a tunnel getting further
From the entrance, you fall.

I'm not afraid to die
Just to live my life lax
I'm not afraid to die
Just to affect no one

The gates of hell
Cannot prevail against this
I don't remember blood
What it even looks like
I'd rather be a sacrifice
Than to never even live a life

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I would rather be a disciple than
Living in any comfort

Archived

Let’s recap the things upon the horizon
More lies from the likes of Phase 3, not surprising
Been wasting time doing nothing at all
I’m hating this time, do not fall.
I’m cold, monotonous, rigorous and beat
I’m searching for something to be.
Might as well be like everyone else
Might as well forget who is me.

No good words
No good sounds
No good ideas
Still sad frowns
No good sleep
No good poem
I’m in deep.
Hell, I know em.

And another thing before
I lay down to mold
I wish for a guide
So I can do what I’m told.

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Can a Smell be Painful?

So beautiful and white
Saith the moon which bestows its
Glimmering beams upon
Glimmering beams of steel.
The moon rotates like a wheel

Patterns of flight
They guide like a strobe light
On the floor
An infection by a sound.
A pain the nose, I smell it all now

I remember a girl
She had no job
She found a friend
And found a job
I remember a girl
Who had no friend
She found a cat
And built a robot

I pose the query again
In light of the beams of heaven
Would you swallow me up
If I were out there on the street?

Consider if I made a perfect "n"
For every imperfect me,
There's a single perfect "n"

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I cease my breath
I wipe my nose
Again and again
I bestow my final "n"

The Aroma of Bread and a Smile

You, as would I,
Never expect to die,
Never expect to perish,
Yet it seems we never cherish
The life we carry out.

Still others live a life that makes
You wish you hadn't met them
Still others you wish would understand
That you never meant to upset them.

You, as would I,
Act as if we are immortal sometimes,
As if we're immune to torture
Unable to feel death
Unable to take another's life.

But you, as would I,
Never expect it to come to this,
Nor should you ever wish for it,
It's the perspective of how we live.

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I'll admit the fear of my own body,
Not quite as others fear theirs.
Because I acknowledge my humanity,
It freaks me out, I'll share.

It's why sometimes I shiver my skin
Because I am a coated skeleton.
And why sometimes I shiver within
Because I know the same's for everyone.

I know you, as would I,
Expect more from our future, our goals.
Some young men long for ringing of bells.
Some wish for the silence of armistice.
Some wish to undo the mistakes they've made.
Some urge to break an office artemis.

I know now, as I ponder my future,
There's infinite lives I'll never live.

It's certain you, as I do,
Wish for something as you look in another's eyes.
The bread and light may cease one dark night,
May those wishes your soul ne'er abscise.

War of Unrest, 11/21/2083

I am lost in history,
You are lost in time.
There may never be another like me,
Or there may be another nine.

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“I stood among friends, among strangers
With a common objective in mind.
With no sign of God or angels,
We are the black sheep of our time.”

But against the black sheep were the wolves,
Dressed as ones who were wont to be wed.
There was no war in November.
A genocide, both sides, stood there dead.

Both stared at each other with death in their brow
A sheep in wolf’s clothes, they were not.
But your memory of today will all vanish.
Men will never find what they’ve sought.

“Tall and little, absent there were the middle,
For they were in bed, inside, or in bunkers.

They may do what they do,
But time shows, through and through
That your paper holding water is folly.
With all time as my witness,
Your life’s work is giftless,
But perhaps we’ll bleed around holly next month.”

No matter how many of the people are killed,
It’s going into textbooks, your wish be fulfilled,
If it to be remembered, albeit beige, and unspecial:
The corpses are plunder, and a book is its vessel.

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Kuchen.

Zu teuer.
Liege ich mich ins Feuer.
Ich hab zu viel gegessen.
Könnte ich das Mädchen vergessen?

Die Uhr dreht immer.
Obwohl liege ich in meinem Zimmer.
Fur immer, sie sagt, fur immer.

Ich hab kein gute Laune
Ich sah keine saubere Augen
Meine Vorschlag, ach,
Ich habe Kopfschmerzen.

Human

I'm closing the door.
I don't want to be human anymore.
I don't know how I'm still around.

I petition my Maker
What am I made for
What am I fighting for?

One of the fears enveloping humanity
Is simply the unknown.
To me, sometimes I'd rather just have died
Than to live through days like that.

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1003 Ways to Murder Yourself

Are we so different than the past?
Where were you when I needed help fast?
Are we ever built to last?
I call upon your name, and feel no rushing blast.

Again I feel this urge
To beat myself to death.
Just so I can get rid of
Who I was.

It's only for one night, of course
The sun will rise another day.
It's only for one night, of course
The sun will rise another day.
I've only got one night I guess,
Dear God, I've drunk the bitter cup.

The Motion of the Fish

I’ve got a reason to live,
And my future’s got “live” in its name
I must itemize my ideals on life
I’m gonna lie down for sure to-night
I’ve got a few friends
And a few pairs of shorts
The difference between them
Is I know where shorts be.

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Look, man.
There’s a lot of ways people tell it
But there’s only a couple ways that matter.

I took the road less travelled but,
That quote’s overrated in my book,
And matrimony makes all the difference.

This poem’s good short, I’m good.
Sometimes I short out, tall figure.
All’s well when you don’t dawdle
I’m living to-day, so, once upon a time.

In Another Life

In another life,
Humanity will be
Not suckered up to sprinkles,
Candies, lollipops in suits n ties.

In that life
People will understand
No jumping to conclusions
Or misrepresenting other's plans

In another life
One won't change what's here.
Because logic and all reason
Are the seasoning this year.

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In another life
I'll understand His will.
Oh why the world isn't like this, I ask,
But all is simply a cold wind answering back.

A Reasonable Prisoner to Self

You sit at your desk one day
Was everything you've done in vain?
Not just in the grand scheme;
In your life, had it the impact of a dream?

Perhaps it's because you didn't
Rise and shine as usual;
Rise and fall as usual.
The crying man.

A few short half years ago
You were floating thru space and time
But now you look at the same wall
And feel not the ephemeral brine.

Now you're a heaping pile of
Memories being submerged in dolphins
{You live in a glass house above water
} From the letter your dad sent

Take me away in your car
And nurse me with Coca-Cola
And sweet, sweet visions of…
Sweet, sweet, unspeakable things

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I've never bent a sound
But I've reached out as if
I were a woman clinging on
To something, an unspeakable something.

Unimaginable.
You know the scary thing about me,
I'm starting to see Crowley's ideas…
Dearly? Hell no, fearfully.

Don't get caught without your hand on the roof
I'm just a boulder landing on a young man
And I am that young man
I am that man.

I wish somebody would need me.
Ha, I wish I needed myself.
I get eaten by the world

Maybe some other time,
I'll get even with the world.
In my own wonderful manner.

Wahrheit/Freiheit

I've got this split through mind and body
Striving daily to be the best I can be,
But were I to follow my body's "needs",
I'd be a wicked child, you see.

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This world is fallen
Best friends, better halves
Why do I lay here feeling so empty
United we stand…

I don't quite know how to finish
Or where.
But something is gone
And I care

Let's Fix It

Whffffp!
New blueprints ready to label,
Get more sleep if I am able.

Bite the cap off my pen
I've done this over and over again

Let's do it right,
As that one Canadian band says.
Healthy days, be careful man

Gotta be in the game
It's what you would want for yourself
Just like the nature of this poem,
It's very simple when it comes down to it.

Until next time.

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Most Poems I Write Are Naturally Unspecific

Did you leave without a goodbye
Or even a healthy respect
I respect that,
But I don’t actually

Why am I feeling so down trodden
Feel like I should just lay down
I went from 0 to 100
I’m almost to 100?

Enough poems to last you the night
Or just enough to ice out the fright
I’m not meant to be here,
And neither were they.

I should feel so physically charged
But I feel like falling back in bed
It’s a strange and blotted feeling
I refuse to be defeated.

But maybe I’ll just forget my head
Maybe I’ll just slump and never unslump

Or I’ll follow my flight patterns
And observe modern baseball
And someday soon I may fall
Into a slump which lets me lift others.

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"A New and Most Cruel Bomb,

The power of which is,
Indeed incalculable,
Taking the toll of many
Innocent lives."

It is as if
The worst of humanity
Is a large and treacherous wave,
Sweeping gallantly,
As would a disease.

And the best of humanity
Is but a mere grain on this rock.

It's as if life itself
Was made to be some kind of hell.
I'm sure that you can tell
You don't want to know.

"O Death, where is your sting?"
Over purple mountains' majesty
May freedom ring.

May the queen of spades
Perish for my own sake
Best know, don't go toe to toe
When you get bagged and roughed up by the county 5-0

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I've witnessed many different things
In a long and complex seventeen years
Don't go down that road
Don't go

Where in history was there a time that wasn't hell?
When on earth have we ever felt well?
As the years pass on and winters roll nigh
A suburban executioner doth pass me by

And here I lay
Feeling as a child.
I open my eyes to the worst of humanity
And the unspeakable things leave me empty.

Junko Furuta
Being just one
Of the many people who did not deserve it

Dear God.
I dare not assume why,
And I ask with my best intentions;
How something like this is possible?

Evil, in its definition.

"To every man is given the key
To the gates of heaven.
The same key opens the gates of hell."
Feynman considered not
That some only use the latter gate.

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I lose sleep over the existence
Of the key that hell creates.

Kokura Was Spared Because of the Clouds

Pripyat
You'll be back in a week
And e to the i pi
Plus one is nothing.

Drop and run
Sixty Co
The poppy flowers reminded me
Of somebody that I'd never know

If math could make me perfect
Then so jovial would I be
A mind with no upper bounds on
Trigonometry

Yeah for a minute there I lost myself.
What in the world happened to you?

Mad Hilarity

I just went back and unrolled the scrolls of my phone's number code
The way you sold my heart's arteries
Hands on the scars that spread out lines like cottage cheese

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That's mad hilarity
No anger there, but to compare is flat parody
They say merrily,
The way people say that's the way the boat row
Look me in my mug yo, nobody gotta know

Respectable losses:
That's RL's name before you
Dipped your chip in too many different sauces

Better keep your cracker cookies intact and enwrapped.
I'm reppin the YB, behind me why they be laughin back?
You gone mad hilarity like a limey saw a kraken.

This ain't cracking.
On man's brains I see plainly that they snacking.
But it's sugar-free, including a retract plaque extraction

At no extra cost.
At no ever time would my mind cross that off
I'm just warming up like the way the valley heat
That's the tangent: understanding how me and Cali meet

A-OK
Whip out the AK - Anna Karenina
Tolstoy suits me like Scar suits hyenas
But like last October I need a rhythm to run over
Even if it means breaking dreams of one young footsoldier

I get knocked down and picked back up
Hilarity's ridiculous, I'm not even half finished
I eat up your hilarity in the way Popeye eats spinach

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I stick a slick trick on this lyrical icky shtick.
If she was a brick I'd drown like my mentality
But since you left I felt a sense of worth palpably

I mean this in no diss
I just package that in a FAT32
A fat stack of math, picture that when I reach plat 2.

I simply use that to brush up my rusty flow, money.
Unfamiliar territory but I'm territorial of no honey.

B's make your nose runny
Ever since spring came the pollen makes you think funny

As it stands, I'm a simple kind of man
With a lot of knots caught up tangled in my head
Ever since I laid in bed I said really what I said
As the time goes on I weave yarn in my newest thread.

Eons Under Eyelids

I wrote this one
For some to seek and not find
Yes, I wrote some of this
For some to fly blind.

You cut a hole in this loaf
And put an egg straight through
I walked on eggshells
For a meal like you

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I try not to MTC
Within my attempt to Make This Clean
This is the final destination, no counterpick
I make the mistake of making chowder stick.

Once again I'll flip it up
Like a manhole cover
Sucking everything in like a black hole
Schwarzchild radius.
I don't mean everything that passes through my gradients

"Adeiu!"
As the family is blended
Sometimes I feel like my mind were that unended:
Carved as a jack-o-lantern, you'd know jack about that

Half the time the glass is half empty and full
JK and melee, opposite sides of the same spoon
One which the nocturne looms o’er, compared with a dash of peppermint

I sense my doctor calling me
But I don't know what comes next

Space is cruel, time uncaring
Time and time again
If only he could see me now,
A number overbearing.

If only you could see me now,
With veins like cords of erring
A vein - a cord
A gain - a sword
Explain how your ship is faring

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But a scare, I'd care to share.
You must beware
Doom wears a mask but still he does stare
Keep an eye out for a cursed eyewear
And save that mare from much despair

-Reprise-
She who works individual
Has a light in her eyes
For seems was it meant
For a day he well spent
Conversing, reading, learning
Until a word came dispersing
I will wait til we're within the same gate
And us two are left to arpeggiate.

They Will Not Last

They will not last,
Like a song you heard slump'd
In the backseat of a moving mini van
The heat cascading over you like a shower

Buildings falling in my mind
Walking a road where only you survive
Clouds of dust and ash swirl about
Running a road, steps become strides.
Thoughts become emotions
Time becomes fluid,
Space is unidirectional.

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Worried expression,
REM with eyes wide awake.
You know you've heard this somewhere before,
In a day you just can't place

On a material so foreign yet so familiar.
Like pitch, crawled years from 03 to 11
You lost a special something
In return you gained the option of death or heaven.

They will not last:
The years spent without knowledge of unhealthy blast
Nor your withering into a husk

They will not last.
I know because within my past
Relic motives with fuel spent fast.

Some giant tremor collapses the walls
And on some dark rooftop you'll find me
And as these things passed, stone rained in the oblast
If I never find you, don't come find me.

The Almighty C

Pages like chip-tuned sine waves
In the deep ocean we cast our dark nets
All you find here is something
You wished was never unearthed

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1000 leagues beneath the briny glass
Lays a corpse so flushed by water
You couldn't tell femur from pumice
Or shake a hand without breaking it

Such is the fate of those who drink from a net,
Since your cup overflows with salt
But I came not to quibble over water ripples
I logged this to write an apology:

For filling this log like a squirrel in autumn
For disregarding the power of the C.
For wasting away on another Chardonnay
When all was prime for a fine summer day

The C holds many stories and mysteries.
Few'd claim anything to the contrary.
Find an anchor in your blanch-typhoon existence
Till we reach the beaches of Pondicherry

Everyone Has a Heart

Everyone has a heart for someone
There's a time you know you're too far.
Even among us with demons arising,
They too, have a heart.

There's always a breaking point
A lowest common denominator
Always a trigger to break
Break the heart of another

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Upon examination,
I could be mistaken,
For too many lives from this earth have been taken,
"If only I had a heart"

Monochrome For Your Happenstance

In the light of the beaming afternoon stars,
Under the view of the outside rain on the cars,
Thinking of thoughts that are in my head
Strung out like a clock over the bed.

Moods with harrowing consequence sure,
I've had brushes with death for my easel.
More powerful than the footholdings were
The malevolent doves with a chisel

I guess I'll go home
Isn't this all you really want?
Break the chains that lock your head to pillow
Just to see the shower of a streetlight again.

Underneath the highway
And bushes, though many
Hide you from the turning of new-age-coming
With vibrant resurgence,
And guidance, now steady,
May your myrobalan tree sprout unending envy.

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The Ringing of the Bells, And Their Meaning

It has finally happened
The end cannot justify the means
Or the inverse.

As though a large blow delivered to my chest
I will move forward.
I tell you youth a warning:
Fight your devil.
This isn't the way
Your life to be will used for

If only you got the message
But here you lie, unrefreshed.

May you prime star be free, o Shauna
So we can someday greet the morning star over the pier
I know I want everything of you in this instant, this moment
I want everything but to walk away from here.

No man but I could feel the wind
Brush my love off your face
In my desire I feel your showers of hope
Taper off as would a trail of smoke
You leave as you drift away

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I've brought you on this journey,
Though you appeared to follow not
You damned pacifist, you!
Tell them what you've done.
I will be done, you will be done.
Leave us satisfied all alone
As you claim the fog and your footprints as your own.

My defeat will solidify
And I will lie down to breathe my last.
Until that time comes,
I live in a New World
With my air as ice as it shears

Maime, He Rust

I with my blue helmet
And her with her red shield
If you want to stay safe,
To be alone is to yield.

Do you want to be secure
From me?
I told my mind to stop partaking
In such a sacrilege effigy.

I need a way to say goodbye,
A way to hide the faces that
Curl me up inside
And at night crack my eyes wide

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The pounding of my heart draws me in
And never lets me have peace

To myself, I sit in the corner, thinking about how I fail
There is no solace, no song that can wake me from my padded cell
In the evening I move swift to escape my demon
Though I know none, it is easy to see men

They mock you for your twisted face
And spiraling in your own mind
As if you had taken this sleeping powder
I get beaten up, I get left behind.

Oswald, Flammenwerfer

If only you had the time to listen,
Then maybe you'd learn a lesson
Instead you sit across at the table
On this mild spring day in Dresden.

It takes a simple mind to understand
That a man creates his destiny
The greatest lie, that has been told,
I'm only 5 percent, my fate holds the rest of me.

Spinning around like the stars of our galaxy
But still so poorly spent, like words on a fallacy.

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Oswald, listen.
Ich weiß, Sie wissen.
A battle is half the struggle of journey
The rest is left to poetry.
But now you choose to venture as singular

Your morals you've dropped
Like a lizard sheds its skin
You're nothing more than hollow within.
You leave me no choice, death's wages you're earning
And the cogs of the giant clock keep on turning
Much in the way the Sun rotates itself
And the planets revolve around it,
So do the curling locks of the flame
As your anger ignites, invites with it shame.

Your plasmolysed eyes are dry
Built on fire, you are the ash and the smoke
The gas and the stoke
The chimney and pot
The fuel and the hot

Not even your salty tears
Reach soil before evaporation
For every blood drop boiled
You crawl closer to annihilation.

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Brothers, we are not
For the time is here where I stand,
Your head in the sand,
For we all were just infants
Asleep on the land.
Today I have risen to first in command
With a noble Flammenwerfer in hand.

Amy, Heißt Sie Nicht

You carried eyes to the bath of iniquity
But here I am, here I was always
In the end I lay here as it flooded me:
I am unable to break a hole in anything
I swore to you that I'd never break down
But here I am, down as down can be
Take me away and leave me be
I wish to be alone, *aber*, **libera me.**
Give me freedom or give me death
Or give me paper to waste my breath
Hours spent as my head boiled, melted
I swell until my brain has since welted.

Melatonin is my adversary, solo, I walk
And to hide in a corner, solo, I stoop
Since to hold myself steady, solo, I create
But to fully commit is cholera, so I go, I hate.

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Green Grass and Colored Lenses

I feel like
I have less to live for
As days go by

No matter
If I give in to addiction
Or if I face it with gunpowder
I still feel the same, empty and hollow.

I have little to fight for
Perhaps cause I am weak and powerless
Other people are better than me
And that's not just who
The addict in me
Told me to be

I hate feeling powerless
And with nothing to live for
Sometimes I'd rather put an end to it
But even that thought sounds too weak.

I'm never good enough for myself
Or the world, I guess
Not that I'm taking notes

Addiction killed me
And I don't know how to escape
I cannot free myself from much of anything
And I won't return back to my former self

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Anything I do
Is never good enough
And whatever I try
Will affect nobody

So here I sit
And lie awake
Thinking of my life to take
I feel like my existence is such a waste
And there's no other people who will emulate
My life, ideas, emotions or takes.

At this point it's not anything on the outside
I'm alone and bitter
I blame only myself
I don't know how to change

I was always prone
To being quashed
Without a guidance,
Still I am lost

Kai-Row

So it is finished.
The curtain is torn
And they mourn over power diminished

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As for me
I'm in a strange place
Like how inside your doorway leads to a suitcase
I beat the Emreggad
Of my shivering funk noggin
So what am I feeling
That my fighting goes down forgotten.
But who did I fight for
And how long will life stay this way?
That I am unsure of for now
Or if I will finally see a day.

Instead I lie down and end today
The same way you always may
With your thoughts scattered
Still incomplete as I'd rather
Take my chances with nobody else there

I may never flee from it but I'll try, I swear.

P¿st?r

You're sick and twisted
What a turn, a vision
You've made your decision
With that chick in Dover.
You will not die for me,
I'm not worth dying over.

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I'm sick, addicted
Myxomatosis, my affliction
Every morning I wake up,
Greet the sun and keel over.
I will not die for you
You're not worth dying over.

Death fodder, they call me
Around my hippocampus
I'm a message unsent
Like a package remaining stampless
In the end of it all
When the gods finally discover
They were not living,
They felt the death of their dying lover

Ruined by the world
In wreckage she'd lay
You wake her up
Simultaneously greet day
Your hands and feet like clay,
And breath not quite sober
You were not the man you could have been,
Was this life worth dying over?

Trazie and Rotund Hobgoblins

Welcome to my humble abode
Where the weight of the world broke me
And welcome to my forbidden garden
Where my own sentences choked me

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To get out of disadvantage
You pick an aggressive option
And welcome to the Ün-Ün-Ün
YOU TILT LIKE A FINGER ON A TOP SPIN

You tilt your head
Your head
Forgotten.
More often.

A poor boy
Spent all energy
ATP like liquid water
Drained, gone, liquid forgot her

Pick up the sharp edges
And glass shards outspread

Offer her your hand
Without a doubt,
Not even a shred
So we all now may go to bed.

Grandiose rest, comforting.

Good Morning, Hello, and Goodbye

Some run on caffeine
Or melatonin heart twinkles
He runs on estrogen
And he'll slit your throat with perrywinkles

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You take a section of orange
Or even a cantaloupe
But instead you drink sewage
And garnish your lack of hope

Pitiful child,
There's a life-changing story
You make when you close your eyes
Or watch the starry skies as a mayfly
Your story is fleeting
Like a skull head beating
His oar down the river
Of dust, of pain delivered

Come out of your manhole, Abundance!
And declare a youthful planal array.
So the little ones may sleep well
As their coffee fades away

Bashing heads in with batons
And bodies left in muddy drains
If I can't meet you face to face
You shall lose the life from your veins.

He runs on heartbreaks
But usually caffeine helps
I run to my occult alibis
With the sircle of vriends, ourselves.

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Skaiah, The Future of Yourself

What do you mean to me?
Well, it's what I mean to you.
She is more than a name to me
For I see all but her body.

To think of one as just a memory
Is to disregard humanity's breadth
And to hide her under your clothes
Is to protect the unprotectable.

So when I think of Skaiah,
I don't envision her face
Or her eyes or legs,
I envision what she is,
Rather than who.
She plays a role in my life,
So many roles to be used.
You play some role in your own life
Like a reader in their own storybook.

In a way, she is you.
And you are her.
Take what you will,
Or disregard the words:

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You are everyone
And everyone is nobody,
And nobody is you,
Like a snake-charming cobra
Or a fisherman tuna
You take what you can get
Or break your story's plotline

Sometimes I wonder if I'm an evil mind
Trapped in a good person's body
Or if the opposite is true for me

Or if I'm a protagonist in a film I'm watching
Where a climax will save my headache
Your hour of gashes is a stutter
For another life that suffers,
Much, all, none, what have you.
I guess you'd better smell the roses.

So “Ganbare”
Skaiah says, usually as the days go by.
She points to pictures to show me
But I'm a forgotten man in her world.

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Habeas Diem

You are my market e-
Conomy
When commerce comes,
The workers flee,
Free enterprise
America dreams,
But we are bursting at the seams
Our ship is sunk
Until next year
Our one eternal volunteer -
He will return
Some cloudy day
Mellow mood, she’s gone away.
Be not so mixed with sailfishes
Your snout ain’t as long as your wishes
Be free, younglings, consume a joy
Until you learn of girl and boy,
For a time has come where we relax
But still our people holds the axe
Like bison who roam winter plains
And mold who grow on yeasted grains
So too our young are stranded here
With no life or death to give.

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Hyperbass Colander

Warming up the colander
Or an appendage to drain or grow
I wasn't here tonight
So I just wanted to let you know

That I'd need to heal from my shots
Not possible, however, cause we kissed in Pandora's Box

So here I am, a child with multiple scars
To escape the elden, I'd like to catch SARS
The truth shall set me free
But it comes back around to again shackle me

As an Army fades into the setting sun,
A battle is won, but another just begun
My bullet hole wounds will heal in time
Unless they're ripped open and seasoned with lime

Which is quite common for myself to do now
I wish you never existed
I hate the life and death you give
As far as that goes, turn me solid.

Turn me to wire and hexadecimal
Since America became a pessary festival.

As the Army marches to triumphant day,
My neural connections no attention will pay,
For I have seen enough in half a decade
To break your heart for a lifetime.

As reality closes in
Like a captor to their hostage
Write a letter to your boss, about how you can't stand it
Or at least just pay for postage.

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Ziijajz

The shelter is now unsafe
Your belongings are at the door
Your feet are being slashed
By the seashells on the shore.

But first I'd wish you look
What you have turned me into
Maybe I wouldn't be so shook
If I knew what was to happen

But these things happen to everybody
I have the right to be upset
I wish you the best these days
But I bid you not forget.

Because I've found a culprit,
One I've forgot for years
Look into my eyes,
Not daggers, but guns.

Hope the child reassimilates
Back to common morals
Oh it will,
It will be a glorious day.

"You are not the wicked, child."
Everybody makes mistakes
Maybe it's time your luck has changed
And it will be a glorious day.

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Mûr′kyə-rē

You aren’t changing, you’re just getting older
All you are growing is slowly colder.
Destined to be a different man than you were yesterday,
Or that’s what your religion would have you say.

Your wind-dyed hair dances,
Bounces and passes me by
This will be the road
I walk as I die.
The only star I see
Is one burnt from my lies
Forever will my poetry be
My saving grace.
When I’m at the pearly gates
I’ll turn on a VPN

Crustaceans

Ooh, what have we got?
Mein Gott!
They say "hooray"
But honestly, why not?

Crawling as if nobody sees me
I'm part scorpion, part seaweed
But I'll torch you, case in point Red Lobster
Endless shrimp, call in now, or call me never
Endless denial, regret afterwards

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Sure, go ahead
Permission granted for mockery.
Just don't ask for a tip when I,
Quietly and somberly fade off

And fade out again
As a child I
Got fazed and faded,
Self hated later, now very uncalculated

The boot and clink
Affectionate sink:
It squirts water but also
Blood, unsafe to drink

Cain, or canus, depending where you hail from
Here's a mantra to keep your hands away from nail scum:

I have no advice really,
I'm just one guy, one fish in the sea
One crab with no moral floor for his integrity

Grab hold of the bucket's edge
If I can't have it, nobody will huh?

You don't get what I'm saying at all,
But that's fine as far as I know
I don't come here to write you a fluid novel
I spew emotions out through my prose
I never intended to paint you a picture
I want to Picasso your brain
Sit back and unwind to your home stereo

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As far as thunder-catchers are concerned,
I
Am
The
Fuchsia
Rain.

Where (In the World) Did My Reflection Go

You hit the new low
Bass note of 10 octaves below
I cannot kiss my reflection without
Bowing my head so.

My body trembles, I
Vomit as thoughts roll
By like spiders on de-
Caying flesh of mine and I
Can’t carry my cross no more.

Where did the eyes of youth wander off
To? And leave this body hollow?
Maybe that’s the reason why nobody reads
This writing. Cause I’m broken at the elbow.

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You wear flowers all the time
And if I could repay you for all
The memories you've bestowed me, then
I would be able to rise as the stream falls to the bowl
I crawl back in
Bed
There is no place
For me in
This world

My reflection ponders,
"Why is your countenance so?"
I pause a minute, fidget, retort,
"Well, I suppose the culprit is you"

And as the Beast
Lay down like dogs
Consumed by his determination
A warm feeling comes
And takes me by my lungs
"Be free, O soul, from this intoxication!

Home of the wandering,
Rest for the weary"

Definition of *i,* Emreggad's Ambrosia

I needed a silent home
To collect my thoughts and chroma
Reopening a dusty tome
From the days of ancient phases, unknown.

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We made our home on the Middle Sea,
Where the meter ticked off as clockwork
I feel like I'm melting,
Take me away
On the wings of a dark-hooded angel

I can even mumble
Because I will shift
Eventually phases obsolete
Or someday complete.

What Phase *i* is can be described as a heart blender
i, that is, the square root of minus one,
Imaginary, does not exist.
Much the same way *i* takes over my life,
Momentary bliss, multitudes of regret, rife.

That black-hooded angel
Wrote in its little book
To take deep breaths,
For you don't know you're choked
Until far too late

Do you remember the Tree of Life?
Where we met on quiet driftwood
Fog so dense, you'd have
Clearer vision underwater,
Where your muscles would tire
And your soul collapse in on itself
Rest your weary hands in the drink
And feel your conscience rudder mud
Give up your ghost and think
For *i*, the dearth consumes blood

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Even in plain view, your poor green eyes don't see me
Two, zero, two, zero
Alto domini.

With a Black Arrow

How is it then,
Ouch
Control yourself

Your achievements are but primitive
Indulge in such better things:
Here are a few examples,
Macroeconomics, connections,
Stopping, asking for directions
All of these things
They could indeed be yours

But no, you, my friend, are down
On all fours,
Appearing like oxen or buffalo
That’s no good, who will sign my furlough?

I can’t say what hurts more,
Which question is a bigger eyesore:
What constant force exists in our life?
Or what am I fighting for?

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Eyes literally welded to glass
No, don’t take me literally just yet
What I mean to say is that
You waste away
Like someone clinging to a branch, a reject
You want something to get your tongue wet, friend?
You have done no more than an insect.

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Preyer's Most Twisted Pupil

Born again,
That's what my peers say
But I, yes I,
Am forlorn again, waste away
Like your tooth in a glass of
Lighter fluid
I wish I'd ignite a spark
Somewhere in the
Eye of a druid
Turned, like a flat pan,
Into a pancake
I can't stand without
Stepping on the sand, lakes
Are scary
You misjudge the water and, oh,
There's the news headline, Barry.
Like the crude breadlines
You had in the good old east
In my harmless green eyes
Lie the mark of the Beast.
Put there by someone,
Somebody unnamed.
Red, white, blue, all marks
And you tell me to be unashamed?

I hold the truths to be self evident
You always see someone as righteous,
Pure in heart, until you eventually
Live the life that they live yourself.

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As the ultimate
Beautiful letdown
Wish I could learn to swim
About sixteen lives away.

And as I swam I saw,
By the light of a shipping vessel
Crustaceans of many kinds, shapes
Driven by their determination, and
“Everyone goes to sleep sometime” I
Figured. At least until the sunfish
Gleam and the sailfish fly for golden dreams

Of the hope
One day,
That this life was always
As it seemed,
But as it stands
And as I see,

“Look at the horses,
And cows so free
I wish that one day,
We could feel such glee.”

Black Widow Spider Eggs

Algebra, Jesus.
I am starving
There’s a pit in my stomach.
And I’m carving
The life I’m living

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They wouldn’t really get it,
Cause people starve differently
Maybe if I was a bit better,
Had a bit more masculinity
Or self control, maturity.

Down the drain
Like the hole I remember
From my childhood
Where I never wanted to fall
Where my life was over as I knew it
Because you can’t fall into
The drink.

But it fell in, I think.
I can’t really tell much at all
I knew it.

Spiders as friends
Or that’s what Emreggad says
Panic ensues as I tell my mind flee.
Spiders our friends
He tells me to make more of them
As silk spins around me softly

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Lose yourself
In permanent bliss
In the sweet cotton candy
Of arachnids' kiss
I look you in eight eyes
As I lay there helpless
With silk like rope around my neck
Crushed by the weight
Of your legs, all eight
You toss me into the bog

I sink and wonder
If there was any saving thunder
Which crashed as I sank through the smog.

Sickening Solution

I'm swimming in the ocean
But alone on the beach
I reach to my sides
As I take a big breath
Big men, bigger trucks,
Alcohol and crystal meth
Just to have a title
And a couple of lines
That's all people want,
Ever want sometimes.

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That's the solution,
And I've had enough pollution
So I turn the leaf over
A nice day to speak over,
That's all people want,
Or just a sleepover

Reach to your core
As you stand, take a breath
You're a big man
With a big dream:
To wave your right hand
Across The Decameron

Picking at Your Fingernails

It's been many long years
Thinking much everyday

It's copyrighted, but what isn't anymore?
Back on that dream,
Back on that…
Remember that table salt,

Only you care how good you will do
Get up and take a step towards a future
I'm tired of moving backwards
And you are too
There's just so much to do

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So I'll toss about in my thoughts,
Until I find something crazy to do
I'm not perfect yet
And I never will be
Whatever happens
They're gonna say my name when I'm dead
Maybe for a couple months or minutes
But impact I will,
And one you will feel,

The fuchsia thunder has come,
Be prepared for my reign.

Wax Puppets and Sod...

Is it true?
Is it because of what I was?
Am I him?
You say that you're only as good as
You're willing to be

The price I pay
All of the drugs taking my body
Out of my control
And what is control, then?
Not a simple question
Because it comes in different
Colors and sizes like a
Grape.

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And what of raisins then?
Do you find yourself withered,
Following a dark figure in a
Brightly lit hallway?

I won’t be silenced
Especially because I
Find it hard to shine politeness
I melt like wax because
I feel like I’m meant for a lost cause.

I’d hope my absence brings you joy
If only this world was built for a mech
Like I but the reality is I fight

For some kind of purpose
Some reason to clear the head
Clear the desk
Desk dark

I wish I could stop
Making puppets of wax
And sod and just
Relax and God
Knows that I long for
Something to hang on for
Wax falls across my eyes as
People leave and I’m done for.

I’m your personal author
Here’s my penance to you
I bid you watch some other bloke
Whose porcelain vase you can kiss

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Please mister tax man,
Get out of my head.
Fallen on my face,
Cake day gone to waste
Maybe I should've
Made wax puppets and paste
I'll see them tomorrow
We'll talk face to face

Until I break down and
Wear sod as a living
Out of body sacrifice.

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You Call that Innocence?

Sometimes it’s fun,
I like to do it. To
Want to see a film,
To relax and forget the
Hurt that you’ve felt,
Myself included too,
Because I think often
“I wonder who I’ve hurt”
Can’t you imagine, it’s an
Escape from sadness, restriction,
Addiction, and even some prescription
And that is why you, too,
Even a lively young chap can
Still get caught by his britches.
I have, oh yes. A lot
Can’t seem to
Do everything they set out for.
The men I talk to you of,
Things they speak to me about,
I have much good advice for them.
Want to chat for a minute? I’m going
To walk home, unless you wanna
Do something with me tonight.

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“I am fine, Nathan,
Just fine. Please
Don’t forget your kids, and
Understand you are in good hands.”
How could such a man speak
To me about such painful topics?
“Become one with your inner fire,
Happy times are around the corner.”
Anymore words of encouragement,

I would surely faint of exhaustion.
Will the future pick up? Another
Try I should give?
To the morrow I will sleep,
Continue to lay in my bed.
On the back of an angel I will rest
Though the darkness presses in hard.

All is Fair, Et Cetera

You got us all rounded up together
Like a coffin
We talk about dangerous things
But I just want to go to bed

I find it funny as I look
Back upon my own past
And to think one day
I’d be playing the Grand Staff.

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But no, life is different
Than the dreams you wished were true
And your past doesn't have to make sense
Tangled up like the lace on your shoe

All is fair
And everything works
You've been distant
That really kinda irks
Some itch on my head

For years I was Mark
And I don't care
Now I am just a hallmark
And I'm no longer bare.

So all is fair
As long as you remain away
Because I don't really care
About my hair or that the world's unfair

Mark your calendars
And cock your pistols
Point your stare
And flip your hair
Check your notes
And sit on down

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All is fair
And I'll be there
See you around
My home, my where,
Is solid ground,
That's where I'm found.

All is sound
And I'll be there.

Fruit Canal

Rose flavored winks
And lavender showers
Are beauty I see
In my outside hours
Catherine walks with
Me as I gather berries
It is something you'd love
Genuinely

Basket of blossoms
We fall in the daisies
Beneath us are balloons
From an old birthday party

I hold apples and grapes,
Berries a plenty, abundance of any
Thing you might like
Riding back home, asleep on my bike,
I had a strange dream, one that turned me pale white

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In heaven's winepress
The grapes are as big as melons
One rolled over on Aunt Emma
And my eyes fluttered open as
I was swallowed by the river I fell in

Apples, apples, swim away
No time to save a lemon
No grapes today, no grapes today,
For all the food is sinking

Mangos, mangos, swim away
Be with your brother the kiwi
A fruit canal has gobbled you up
And your mom and pop are dreary.

Rheasilvia

Darkness
The peak of the universe
And all around me
Is just darkness

Would you climb
Or try to walk yourself out?
At the peak of the universe
No streets of gold
And no pristine house.
No pillars of granite
Or palace of ivory

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At the peak of the universe
You can jump and say your prayers
Fourteen miles high
Say your prayers as you fall

As if there were to be another
Lonely spaceman like yourself
Only listening to the sound
Of his muffled footsteps

Near a blazing sun
Somewhere
You might find
Another society
Humankind
From across the plains
Of vast emptiness

But here,
You find yourself
And the edge of the universe
Wondering if some lonely
Hunk of metal
Might fly your way
Continue your journey
Yet another… Day.

On this mount
You stand alone
Plant your flag,
Colored monochrome,
In the rock

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It’s all you have
Until you’ll find
Another society
And so you rewind

Think back,
Thinking about jumping
And wanting a partner
But all is you

At the peak of the universe
You remember a saying
About how journeys don’t matter
Unless you intend to finish them
Goals are nothing
Until you reach them,
Weary, broken, tired.
You gain a new confidence
With a tear to your eye,
And a look to the sky.
So you return to solitude
And fly to a new tomorrow.

Guitar Dog

You, my dearest,
Make the blessed rains come,
As cloudy days
Pass by and pale out,
You too have passed and paled

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A lady like you makes the
Lions roar fiercest
And the blazing helio fly

A smile so gentle
But powerful, and intense
Can make a bird sit and stare
I'd be your quiet bird
And catch a voice I've never heard
Fall upon my ears and graze me

For one touch of your hand
Is enough to withstand
Any number of thoughts that phased me

Guitar Dog 2

Hey Travis
I'm done.
Can't go on writing junk

"What about me and Jake?"
Travis, I've had it,
I'm beat and can't stand it
I've done all I can take.

So I packed my bags
Just my strings and some fags
And headed to walk the highway
I took a long drag
Felt the wind through my rags
Better than to front for my sake, I'd say.

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My coat caught a snag
And flew off towards the crag
And so I sat down on my case

With my head in my hands
And a lack of all plans
I let the gloom wash over my face

I'd sit there all summer
All winter too
Just to find someone to take me
Nobody stopped by
So what else could I try
But to bring out the guitar and start strumming.

But what did my eye
Clasp as cars swam by?
A man in a hat was coming.

For once I had hope,
Maybe this nice bloke
Would take me to superstardom

But as he sat down
With his eyes towards the ground
He loosened his tie and
He started to sigh
And sang that old country tune

His scraggly old chin
And his body, a bit thin
Swayed to the words of the song

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So I sat beside him
Howled a bit of the hymn
And joined the man in his lonesome.

Why not the guitar?
Why choose to howl on?
I heard the man letting out his woes
So there I sat
Highwayman and his chap
And that's how this old story goes.

Dream World

If I could escape
I would but let me posit my case

We may not be kids
But we sure aren't clams
Don't talk to me when I get like this
Save me from a cold abyss
A year ago
I found myself lost again
This time much more evil
Yet still so unseen again

By the mercy of Spirit
My burden is lifted
And even though my problems
Have yet to be shifted

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Take me from a dream world
Let me sleep unrestricted

For a man is servant
To his past that cometh
So he rests weary eyes
Like those at Plymouth

Look not at me as
I gather water to sip
I'm just another man
With a hole in my ship

Contributes to bad
But looking for good
I cloak my eyes
With a darkened hood

I will not say
This is who I am
I mess up on occasion
But I will rise, and I stand.

Bottled Hate

Here he is again
Curled around a pillow
Like a snail on a branch
Leaving little trails behind
Wherever the man may cry
A young philosopher once told me
That it's not too late to try

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And if arguments and alcohol could fix our dissonance,
Then you'd find me here right next to you
Enjoying the hate of repentance

So look at me with that stare you always
Seem to say you hate
While I look at you through a lens which I
Never thought that I could take.

So forgive me if you don't see my face
When these next weeks come around.
A man can only hold so much
Before his cortex runs aground

All this bottled hate I have for myself
Is a beverage to be drunk cold
If you knew the things I've gotten through,
You know all I want is just to hold
The head of my child as I look in his eyes.
And I might finally shake the thoughts
Of never being good enough for this world
Or if I'll ever stop feeling lost

So I lay in bed, a broken man
With a heart as rotten fruit
All because my weakness
Are exposed like a willow's roots.

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I'll Make Your Species Go Extinct / Megabyte of the Mosquito

Flutter wings like an angel
Made of blood
50 percent
Like milk at the store
You pin a needle in your
Arm and keep letting
Your megabytes keep dictating
The way you look,
The way your eyes are facing

You've got a headache now
But you know headaches go away
So make your species go extinct
Cause if not, we'll oblige.
What's another anthill down my backbone?
What's another bee in the hive?

It's just a matter of time
In a clap you'll spin out and flap
Away pitifully as my grip
Crushes your little legs and
Little feet, oh, the little feet

Clasp that portrait of your mother
As you're smashed
Hammered like your fathers do,
Hammered, yes, your fathers knew.

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Like drones you will come
And like leaves you'll fall
When push comes to shove
There's no place like Gaul.
So give up your life
As you've stepped upon the sun
Clasp my hand, I'll take you to the end
Where you'll go extinct again
Go extinct again.

Bloody dripping straws
In awe you dawdle.
And every star
Hangs in the sky

I'll never forgive you for the things you did
It would be best if this world of you were rid,
So take my solemn grain of salt
And tell them that my strength is halt.

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Venison

The pages of calendar
And sand of hourglass
Why not pages of a book
Or sands of Sahara?
Because they are boundless,
Infinite,
Like how words and time
Were meant to be
But the calendar is a grandfather
Clock ticking and signaling
A day, week, month off your life
A day, week, month
Out the land of a thousand dunes
And so you see the blazing,
Beautiful, blazing, ball of hydrogen

Counting down
Forty six and two
Portly,
You’re shortly sickened too.
By the things that you’ve grown fond
But it’s no matter,
You’re young, and happy, and free.
No time to ponder
What shall beset your
Incoming present tense
So stay calm and collected
In your own pleasant sense
And state of mind
But I'm too far forward so let's rewind.

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Back to counting.
An unstoppable force
Counts down your days and actions
Your bucket, history, full of interactions,
Infractions.
Things which haunt you and tell you
"Keep hold of your greatest dreams,
If you don't, I will know."
And I go, through a membrane
A change, an inner health change

With your new skin,
Shed from your smooth face,
You climb towards the moon,
Climb to a different place.
Where you'll never stop flying
As long as you have the strength
Where there's no need to keep on trying
Because one is too much to take

Oh, blessed wind of the desert
Show me thine blossoms and needles
Thine petals of flowers
And thorns of cacti
Show me the path I'll take,
Don't dust my footprints away.
Show me the marvels of an oasis
And the silent moon of silvery gray.

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Palming fistfuls of sand,
Burning holes into my hands,
"Why, oh why, blessed desert,
Have you hidden your beauties from me?"

Through my fingers the grainy mist
Fell and settled with
The rest of the desert,
The oceanic beauty, swaying as the great
Holy orchestra
Melted my heart and soul

Oh, my soul,
Consuming the blossoms in whole,
My hourglass in shards
The end of the means
Time's unraveling strings,

The crashing of the life-giving sand
Twisting about,
Settling down
On the banks of the chronic seas.

First, She Was the Wolf

Guess who's writing about
His closest friend again
Couldn't be me, cause I
Rather not be sent to bed, right then.

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First she was the wolf
And I the protagonist,
A coat gleaming, pure,
Clean and white
Oh sing for me, wolf
As you breathe your last.

Gleaming, protagonist,
Pure. The wolf.

Then she was the lone man
Awake in the hall of dusk
Through my sight he fell
Alone in the musk of sulfur, ethanol.

She was the lone man
And I the protagonist
She was the phone plan
And I took her ragdoll Atticus

I am the lone man
With a child in my hands
Or head or eyes,
Can't tell much anymore,
So here's the size:

She was the new world
And I who longed for order
Sought and no rain came
To the dry lips of mine

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Nor did the wolf's fur stay snowy
Gleaming shine.
And did the goblets glisten
As I lay as dead as bones?

And could I give her the chance to show
That she was all that to me?
No, no.
The answer is no.
You did all that to me.

As real as the hands
On the end of your arms
As real as forever,
On the end of your arms
You're real and clever
And you're all dead as leaves

First she was the wolf
And the wolf is killing me.

Formaldehyde

Oh, to have something
To believe in anymore
And to have something to do
Unlike 1984.

I've watched this world
Though blue and churning
I've seen men weep,
In their eyes a yearning

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But I love my friends
They don't know me well
I'm a stupid lotus eater
Let me be more tangible.

Give me a purpose,
What is my effort for?
To please the man in the kitchen
Or the Man in the thunderstorms?

I write sometimes
With aimless emotions
In an attempt to give you a
Dartboard to aim at.
But in the end
It feels just so fruitless.
In this wicked generation
I just want greater patience.

I can't help you
I can't help me,
I need a purpose, a person to be
One day I need to ring up Giovanni
And tell him that I'm a hollow chimney
Like I'm full of smoke and dirty remnants of
Some man that is, are, am, and was.
But whether or not I'm chasing my heart again,
It's quite fine, it's no mind

I've got time to quit
I've always got time
You've always got time.

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Some things are just all in your head
All in your mind
They're just blips of your shadow:
The thoughts you stomp out like charcoal

Just little wisps of hell
You wrap around your finger tips
As far as you can tell
They have no place to linger on lips
Your nightmares are just curled puffs,
Like the exhaust of a steak, too well done
Enough, so you've had enough tonight
It's rough but there's always tomorrow to fight
And battle against your devil

Oh the juice, the flavor,
Of a dream, a night tremor
Like meat, pork, or mutton!
It's all so beautifully crafted and
Hurriedly sewn together

Sowing the seeds of the Savior
Now and forever
Growing, wearing the weather
And all ends up as it should.

Else you find your echo
In front of a mirror
Giving preference to your history
The mistakes, losses, fears.

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When we drift off
To greet the man of sand
We'll be in the sky together
In that great old band
As we're hand in hand
And I assure you this:
There's no tricks to pull
No violence to be had

Self control is the drug to be had
To be had by a drug, I must be upright

Oh, to be bulletproof.
Oh, if I were ironclad,
I'd walk a million miles and
Carry a Bible and pen
To the thirsty ears
Of the people in
Phnom Penh

Fleshy Sawdust Arpeggio

Silly emotions,
Silly lifeless,
Sleeping emotions.

No you're not
A sorry sack of saw
Dust, ashes to ashes.
I feel like trash
Compacted on a belt
Headed towards inferno

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I just want to be normal
And read the quills
In the clouds
And the shuttled feathers
From the quiver rain down

Like a million little chalky shards
To bring you home above

Rest your head
On all the hands that
Would love to see you
Muffled, silenced

All the pretty faces
Who look at you
With eyes made of red hot iron
And blood red ego
Playing you like a fiddle
Made of veins and tendons

Bloodlust
A blood, **Rush**,
Coming and **Soaring**,
Through their heads and arms.
Adrenaline
Willing to squish you like a
Sunflower seed
'Neath a boot.

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Willing to see you put into a box
Weeded out and forgotten
Until you leave your safe home
And juggle with the juggernauts
Who want you beneath a boot.

Who I love
Whom I love
I love improving
But I still
Miss the Ghost
Somebody
That I
Can believe in.

Real lead,
Real love.
That's the stuff that blocks the senses
Feelings numb, feeling *dumb!*
Infinite people, pretenses.

Infinite evils,
Oh humans are so incredibly
And powerfully unpredictable
Grab the median.

Rest your eyes pilgrim,
Before the Emreggad son doth set
Hand curled up as a fist,
Nails digging into the flesh.
And what would she say when you wake?
What response would have you yet?

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Colored horizon
Of everything beautiful
Everything beautiful
In this beautiful world
Colors so wonderful
And wind and consumables

No noses worth bleeding
Or toes upon stepped.

Last, You Are the Wolf

Remember the time,
In a still photograph
Or a picture frame,
A cheery dumb expression looks back
Back at the weary numb depression
Laced upon your eyes.

Saying, “Where have
The good days gone,
And where were the simpler times?”
There is no response from the face
One moment, stuck in time.

And you realize lately
You don’t go through changes
“Changes go through me”

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A drifter,
Floating from pebble to pebble
No foothold to dash a foot on
Just a pebble stuck in between toes.
Tired, so tired you return your old ways
With no more than a motion, in a daze.

In the eyes of a child
Your countenance can be reforged
Instead you kiss the pantry
So your stomach can be gorged.

Regretting countless days
Recanting your harmful ways
I'm passing by changes
As propaganda rearranges
The flesh you're given
Mangling it, like seed for the carrier pigeon

Indeed,
No merrier position
Could be found on planet Earth
Than if you were dumb
Blind and deaf
In a bath of coke and rum

First, she was the wolf
And last, you are the wolf
In a bath of coke
And a cage of dopamine
And a rope of adrenaline
And handcuffs of methamphetamine.

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Azvalt (The Mackerel)

No, my eyes
They were not watching God
They were watching myself
Attempt

To differentiate my glass calloused body
Melting pot
And a brushed up heart.
Guns drawn and ablaze
There is no reason to unreasonably laze.

Boy there are
So many things you've done
While you lay upon the muggy bog
To grab upon a bed to bed
From peaceful sleep to keep
So many head, they rest unfed
The crickets join me and creep.

Littered stitches
And mackerel niches
All the peas are ripe in pod
I gripe to bust the hatchet
And I really want to have
A piece of quiet sleep.

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Appreciation

Start to see your days as days
And not as things to do
Start to see them as sand
In the hourglass which
Sometimes flowers grew.

Farewell to the Iron-Winged Butterfly

But we could have been!
We could have been it all,
Everything, instead separate now
Instead, dissociated overall.

We could have been so good together
But time will never let my grasp
Another summer of 2020
And never will I mask

The anger which I am betrothen to
No, we could have seen the night together
Both you and I, us two.
Because it is better with no one around
Or maybe that's just my cortex fogging up

Instead the summer crusted
The dry and thirsty grass
And still I fouled up the works
And wrote about this topic more times than
I can even count.

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So here I am once again,
Requesting moral support
And here You are once again
Watching my life distort
I look no eye upward
For ‘tis too sharp upon my soul
And in the future I might curse
For the ending I might have stole.

It’s been two whole days clean, I suppose
And neither watchful body would guess
That I’d be so weighted down by something
That put me in this mess.

It could have been so perfect,
All planned, you’re worth it,
But I’m dressed in gray
For the tenth hour today
I planned to walk away
I have no plans to stay.

So I’m fearful about my convergence
With my Emreggad drug dealer

It’s not quite a farewell,
So much as a sigh of lead
To pour out my heart, soul,
Eyes and beverage,
Just so I can gain some leverage
And more importantly that I may have
Eyes with your face in the reflection.

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~With Flutter~
A gleam dotted your wing
Until my humanity began to sing
You dropped and fell
From the skies of hell
Like a meteor diamond ring

Upon my head you landed, rested
Because you knew I won't budge
Pretty speckled gleaming one,
Why must you egg my sludge?

No hedge was softer
Nor rough to the touch
So it rested upon my head, and
I rested upon it a grudge.

Poisoning Myself With Hydrogen Peroxide

The rains
And the floods
Agreed to meet in the middle

The sun
And the earth
Grew farther, little by little

Both the drought and monsoon
Are too familiar
Because my life played the tune of
A gunshot to the chest

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And I hope I haven't lain one to rest
As a result of my actions
I'm order to live, I tell myself,
You must pay your debt to the world.
The winter may love you,
And your family as well,

Make sure you know what you ought to do
If you hear that taste and smell.
Nothing right now to get hung over on
Enjoy the show, Oberon.

Nothing to get hung over on
Just you and me with no new conjecture.

May I now broach the subject
I may have neglected?
I wish we'd talk more
Show each other our life more
And walk home again more

I'd only I were over on
The nature I wish to recover
So I'll take my time and you take yours,
Maybe in time I'll be a static spaced lover.

Knives for Dinner!

Where are they?
Oh, where are they?
Oh yes, knives for dinner.
Where could they be right now?

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Stay checked
Burned out metalhead
No will to live
Just one to not die

She'll be coming round the mountain
And I'll be coming for the pliers
I'd love to hold your hand
Where are they?

The melody of being hit by a bus
Where are they?
My hand and I, we're just another copy of us
Somewhere in the eternal beauty

They will find you
So I stay quiet in my headspace
I will not lose this race, I'll win it our way.
Oh God up above, where are they?

Delicious knives
Wettened by spit and sweat
If you think I've got trust left,
I've got scars to keep company.

Sleep.
The great ally of solitude
And hurt hands
For different reasons however.

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So to whom it may concern,
Or to whomever concern it may,
If I go out today,
I'll be tasting a knife
If only I ever knew,
Where are they?

?..... (Again?)

Might just *nice dream* it away
Might could want it more than ever
I am the entity who washes waves of salt away
Like inkstains, inkstain blotches

Pillars are steadfast
And when you're like me, dead last,
You appreciate growing up
In a termite economy
A worm, infer might a wedding dress
Its invaluable property.

It's just a jog,
Some linguistic salsa,
Call it readable or grating,
I give no real mind

Unless your pockets are lined
With… uh… some green dude

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I feel like I ate
Pasta full of bees
And found new ways to enjoy ice cream
But not with my mouth

Look at me,
Squish me like a fish!
Take my nose and clothes
Under a petri dish.
Take my linguistic salsa
And mix it all around
Take my falsetto
And stretch it around me

Oh yes, and don't forget to think
And thank your cookies
For your petrified, terminal,
Disgusting, infernal nookie-
Gutted gutter talk.

A glass of milk
With your Juliet bathing inside
With your head turning into spaghetti.
Spaghetti, inside.

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All the Truth You Ever Wanted

I suppose I should have said
That you loved me
Sometime way in the past
I'm sick of pretending
I'm tired of thinking that
I could ever be the best

At anything I do
I'll be down in a moment,
I need to finish this ruse.

Left with a bruise
And no shining light ahead.
And I'm tired of writing such putridity
Just so I don't lose my head.

I am a failure,
I can't stand up for myself.
I'm addicted and useless
With a declining mental health.
I wouldn't be standing here if
I wasn't held together by glue.
And I'm practically torn apart by now
With no one to blame but yours truly.

I should blow out in one way or another
"That's why you could never do sports"
Without as much as a stutter

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Submission, taught all through my life
Now look where it got me.
Submission, looks like you've got me!
As Pavlov would have milked me for

I've got nothing to do to improve
Guess all is the same as it was before.
If you reading this as someone I love,
Just know I don't know what to do anymore.

I Go Beyond Distance

I go beyond the distance,
Beyond the known universe
I race the dawn,
I free the shackled night!
That they may ever lead me on.
I walk beyond the distance,
The range, domain and pale,
I walk alone and unrestricted
I walk on, on without fail.

I stepped upon a tile of pasture
And was heightened in wisdom
And stature, in favor of my wand’ring eye
And in my good eye I saw
Many hills of luscious green,
All of whom beamed as self-absorbed
In their unmistakable beauty

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She held it up,
The morning sun
And the night sank down to rest
The peace that fill'd my heart so full
Became a vigor within my chest.

She went beyond the distance for me
So that she may hold up the sun
And I went beyond the fire for her
So that I may display my power.

I must prove myself
I am a man
And she is my floating sun ray
My circle of friends and I
Knew she'd be with me one day.

While she sat quiet,
Embracing the sun to her chest,
The clouds and sky didst pass
I went beyond my body
And beyond my sight
So I may find peace at last

But in my heart I would hold
Those skies gleaming gold
And the new person that I had unfolded

I strayed back to gather
My belongings, well rather,
I brought the rest of me home on my shoulders.

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Cure to Fade

Can’t tell your friends
Cause they think you’re pathetic
Can’t call the church for help
Because I don’t think they’d have much advice

Can’t talk to the folks about it
Because no contact means no problems
Can’t talk to close friends either
Because most of em hate me anyways.

Enabling those minds
Churning music into empty space
What music would it be,
If that music was the breath of the dying
And sick
And broken?
Our love
Is broken.

I expect the cure to come
As have wand’ring ships of motion
In empty space
The space of my mind.

But more common would it be
For the cure to fade in front
Of my very eyes,
Just like you wanted.

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You know stable
Is a word with double meanings,
That's for sure.
On one hand it means
A pen balanced on the edge of a finger
A rock formation balanced by a foot.
And it also stands for
Animals in enclosed spaces
So that they may not wander or
Be eaten by predators

Make me stable,
And put me in a stable,
I too have seen a fair share of predators.

So I sit with my back to myself
And look up my face to the stars
"This really blows", I say to myself
And the stable is blown open too far.

Ultrawißen

Meeting in the aisle
In our initial clothed selves
Meeting within the temple
With our burdens on the shelves

Head upon the gallows
And candles aflame upon
A tub of bubbles and sin

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So why was I there
And why did I stay with?
Why am I so easy and weak,
Oh to know, to *ultrawiß*

I keep it all in,
I wish I could shimmer
And walk out of Aphrodite's House
I wish I could find a support group
So that I may *ultrawiß*

Love is for fools
And the maker of one is the other

There's no clean peel label
That you can take from these episodes
I don't write to gain a following
I do it; it's the only exit node.
It is the final and pure exit node.

Because words do wither
And bring cells to turgidity.
Oh one day we may *ultrawißen*,
And burst the bonds with fragility.

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Temporary Consciousness

I feel myself somewhere between
A god and a streetlight.
Carbon is one drug, one drug
Attaching itself to my own
Consciousness, taken from me
Like a privilege being revoked
Oh beautiful fruit,
May I bear it so,
May I be more than temporary,
May I be more than an instance.

This feeling is fleeting
For I came from one
And will soon scatter
To the dust of the Earth
To the cycle of the eternal
The foreseeable eternal.

The only reason I can tack
To my continuing existence
Is to observe myself
Like cogs and pistons.
Like little ancient bacteria
Clustering upon a loaf

To observe myself is life
To live is the running exam.

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And to suspect that I were as everyone
When everyone is out the test tube
I peer my little beetle eyes to the glass
And eat my meal of lab raised feeble beetle food

Personalities split like my very own mitosis,
Christmas special, oh it's a wonderful life,
"Oh you're a wonderful specimen" I say
From my chair of all knowing, ever present

It's such a good day to be a terrible human
In the sense that humanity is imperfect
And to be imperfect is to me a sin
A crime against humanity,
A humankind against morality.
But all is good and secure
So sure as long as we have sliding glass doors
Air conditioning and mass communication
Take away social media, entertain your mind, elation, eh?

By now I look to you like a mummy with modern clothes
I brought up these points to my mutuals and the entire building froze

I stay away in a constant state of repose,
I have free prose but with nobody to share my findings
Sometimes I just want to lay down alone with no more whining
But I'm like an aluminum can, I ain't got no silver lining.

Now I fight a new rival,
One that's entirely my own battalion
I'm like a perfectly shaped, green and bitter grape,
Like a wheeled and wooden stallion.

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I feel myself somewhere between
A god and a streetlight.

F.F.W.

I never wanted this
I only wanted to be guided like
A minecart along tracks
A spark along a wire
Not igniting the spark per se,
But an order, demand, free will to go away,

I want to be linear and unidimensional
I want to be a machine with a quota to fulfill
Fuchsia's the word I'd use in place of the phrase
"F.F.W."

Leave me to myself
To publish the second book of Psalms
Don't overthink, overreact
Just turn the page to another Biblical balm

For being made in the image,
I'd prefer to be left out of the equation
I don't need to be involved in an experiment

Just need to be free from this vacation
I wish to run around the Ophanim
Like a hamster in a holy bedroom
Where the only way to go is forward,
Revolving the gold rings toward
No particular goal

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Such is the whole of my vision
I'm born with too much precision
No focus on big pictures

Hopefully I'll come back to writing when
My Spirit's nutrition is a little bit richer.

A Stopped Sun is Right All Day

A stopped clock is right and bright
Just twice the lightened day
Though time trods like boots between
Uncut summer lawn and dusty clods,
The forthcoming clouds of which
Create a musty fog.

So the workings of time cloud up our view
And the workings of man disperse them.
While too our human actions get in the way,
A stopped sun is right all the day,
As we make our attempts to reverse them.

A dilemma approaches
That every action encroaches
Upon the limited resource
Which we are all bound against.

Oh what a time to be alive
And to write while nobody is watching.
How foolishly perfect is it to create
A piece of art or to write a poem,

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While others everywhere would give
Their weekly wages for a bite to eat
You spend your time, with watchful eyes
To hope to see another fight break out in the street.

It’s topical and common to write
About a lack of time
How simple and iconic is it
To tell a reader how they waste away?

To live for the moment, to live as a burning flame,
Ignited, blazened, always moving, flambé,

I choose to stop myself in my constant melting away,
An uncommon tactic when there’s no stopping the chronic fray.

I find it much better to sample the wind
Savor spoonfuls of this plentiful array
We call the Earth, and the beauty therein.
A stopped sun may be right all the day,
But all is right where my footsteps have been.

Initiation 3

Rummaging about
Within the confines of the new
World order, ordinances, and shorter
Now are the paths of the stream.
Likewise path that you’ll travel
Has diminished its familiar breadth.

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I live near a glass house
One with lush greenery
And glass windows on
The inside.
And outside
My home I see a
Dirty concrete dome.

And we call it my street,
A quiet gutter labeled:
“MOSSLANCE RD.”

But one day I began to wade
Through the street until I noticed
One offshoot of Mosslance
Where little memory of water was made.

With further inspection I indulged my curious mind.
No paper stapled or taped to the wall was I able to find,
Instead I could only guess what had happened while I slept
Until out of the glassy house a suited man leapt.

Explaining the new rules, and in a revolutionary manner,
He pointed at the now-barren pipe where we gathered.
“No water to hold us, no more murk to wade in,”
And at this point I much had wished I stayed in
Bed. “Instead,”
He said,
“We can freely walk in the canal.
With all this ground, there’s infinite possibilities.”

I looked down, with some thought that I’d meet my reflection there.
All I found was ground, concrete, and I could do none but stare.

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In thought I pondered what defiance of law would warrant celebration.
“The draining of the streets”, his eyes seemed to wear with elation.

“You may not understand it, but it feels good
To find the ground below the water”
With that phrase, he looked on the nearby barren trees,
As one may look upon his son or daughter.

A strange man in a suit,
That’s all he was to me.
Not a neighbor, nor a host,
Not a friend or enemy.

I did not return the emboldened look within his eyes,
Instead he turned away and left without memento or goodbye.
Perhaps on his way to work, he walked down the empty channel
Unnerved, I looked for hope somewhere, my gaze falling on a wall panel,

Which read:
“The murk which you pass daily by
And flows slowly by your ankles,
There is solid ground beneath the darkness,
There is a solace beneath the gunk."

If only an expression
Would have kneaded my face to change
I urged myself to find and feel
Something to keep me warm,
Some way to board the vessel which
Was sailed by my dressed-up neighbor.

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With no chance of catching up with his stride,
And no reason to go back to my home,
I did what any person would do as undecided,
And I stood, full-minded, plain-spirited, alone.

Eyes as dead as the leaves on my shoe.
Though conscious,
Drained like the sludge in the street.

Taos

Just somewhere between
Resistance and acceptance
A little grotto or hearth,
That you'd pull me out of.

When all you've got
Is just your thoughts and limbs,
They tell you to call up the big man
In the sky who pays no phone bill.

So what is it that I'm to do?
Uncertain at every next step,
With little to guide me, I walk and hum
To the Taos tune that buzzed through me.

Like a Stone

Even the few days we spent together
Would resonate for years thereafter.
In such times which feel slow,
It's worth a return to first chapter.

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And you can say you don't know me
Or you can say I'm unique,
The memories I obtained so long ago,
Oh they fade away as we speak.

So I'll be my own coffeemaker
In an abode built on the sand
Like a stone on the schism of the shoreline
The great theft of innocence is at hand!

Bacterium

I walked around the house
And above me was a light
I looked straight through our window
And met another fellow there too.

I feel slightly sick today
Though I said this topic would not pop up
I've spilled the beans about 800 too many times
For my taste

I feel slightly sick
But I chalk it up to growing pains
Though here's an infestation
One that I mention nearly every day

I didn't have much else to say
And I forgot my intent in stanza 2
Nothing witty to write
So I'll ruin this poem

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If my day were fine I'd have
Ended that last stanza's last line
With the words "Like your lunch
Locked in a bacterium"

3 Days Forward

And purely manipulating I
Was I, with a crown of thorns
Hung forlorn in my closet.

Forward goes the wind as I follow,
To find some secret I'm chasing
Off a cliff into the fold of fortune.

Days forward you follow, you follow
Into the unknowns that you daily decide
Daily decisions of rice and war.

Unturned are the stones you pass,
Beneath some the key to your shackles,
Others a centipede.

An anklet or pendant gives
You a memento to swallow in place
Of your cake, plate, fork and all.

Subsiding verses I have none to accredit
But the One who pulls the winds
And weaves them like a treasured tassel.

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Three but none, three but all,
I fall on my knees or onto my back
Where I am prone to crumple a covenant.

Fire Keys

The borrowed time consumer,
That's my name, but I also live sooner
Once I find someone to build my life for
Call it crazy, it's just a way I can improve

Music to listen to titled
"Walking home from her house"
Damn it
A twist puts me all mixed up again

Someone to live for
Restart
And just bring up your ownness

Volume of a Sphere

Some people live like their heads are in the sand
Like an ostrich, blind,
Or chewing their nails
At the sands of time

Some people have to fight for a day
Be you a teacher or soldier
There's always metaphor you've never heard before
Although sometimes you're filled

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It's just so easy to go back, isn't it
To go back into the fold of mold
And become broken again,
Give up the ghost and ego
Their hormones follow us wherever we go

Jesus is Christ
And it's late at night
Could I stay and watch but a minute

Digging my heels into my bedframe
Call us a weak bunch but we punch through a deadly game

I testify that I might have a poor sleep tonight
But tomorrow I'll wake up and make the chomps pearly white

Palms

I just found out what I like
May not be all I thought it was
I generally don’t succumb to manipulation
But isn’t that the purpose of palms?
I just found out what I may like
Was mostly jargon I misunderstood
And the parts that I happened to see,
They were covered by palms afterward

I may walk too fast or scrub
Potatoes with my palms too slow
We all find out the holes in our hobbies
The holes we climb out of someday

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There is no beauty in life
That can't be covered in palms
The hands of someone you never met
Or the sun blocked out by their knuckles

There is beauty in the palm of your hand
There is beauty in the paths we walk
This poem will be forgotten, I am not worried

I am worried and poorly made
Or at the very least poorly dealing with issues

Stingray Project

This is the Neo Lost Generation
Where we all hunt a mission.
We seek escape from tradition
To be found in recreation.

With no places left to turn
Some feel free and fully palpable
But some men are lost and worn
Unable to live and learn.

Perverse priorities at hand,
Because we find a rut to fall into
"Where is thine hand in this
Dark and trying night, O brother?"

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But there is still oil in the lamp
And no point to feel deject
Let the mark of dignity resurrect your purpose
And bring forth the Stingray Project.

What an Odd Shade of Brown for that House to Be

"What an odd shade of brown for that house to be"
I thought as I walked home
With food I'd hope to consume before three.

But suddenly a thought occurred to me
And between the creases in its wrapping paper,
A familiar but far gone memory.

A memory of one, of friends and people that,
For one tension or another,
No longer may speak with each other.

And as that profound, familiar shade of brown
Dawned on me,
All in that moment, life's grandest bonds, yes, they fell on me.

And some day they'll be singing,

"What a grand shape around for that house to be"
And semi-idly there you'd find me
With the boy and the pets sitting near beside me.

We'll all say aloud,
And expound how wonderful of an abode we have.
It would be such a joy to be the father of that boy.

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The same questions arise when
I always think about the future and surprises within
But there's not much in life to be aching for.

And maybe the day comes around when a
Clean and possibly brown haired friend
To pursue the end of the rainbow with once again.

Hopeful is the wrong word to use, expecting also.
I stay curious and patient, satisfied,

So that one day people may say
And people may see
What an odd shade of life I've lived

Comparatively
To the norm and mean
Man in California, Nevada, Tatooine.

I'll be different, I know
And that's why I'm interested, not hopeful
But expecting all to turn out right.

With a house, a son, a dog and a crab,
What an ordinary life looking through my astrolabe!

Through the windows in my house
Through the hearts that I've touched
Through the people I've met
My spirit, though I live with God,
Will ever live on.

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An Independence Day

To quote a page from the elden-aged Jefferson,
Pick up your tools, earn your wage, Englishman.
Far from farming have we looked for economy
Or any isolationist policy

A thought to the pilgrims, absurd maybe,
But we pledge our dedication to the land of the free,
Home of the red, white, blue,
Home of the skeletons in the legislature and judiciary.

Our land we share with these government men
Who often we'd object to reappoint
But the nature of America is a body, no-
An ecosystem!
An ecosystem with some nodes out of joint.

Some foolish and quick thinking folks may be quick to paint us as flawed
But we have, and will always will be, one nation under God.

To keep it brief and sincere,
Our goals may not always be clear.
The Congress is full of
Turtles, bills, and spears.
Will we ever get anything done
By the end of this year?
By the end of this term?
To combat the bleakness, I must reaffirm:

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We are a beacon for freedom
And a role model for the world to be
Let's continue on, with caution because
Tensions have escalated past passive-aggressively.
We mix sodium and water every four years
Because there's nothing else to put our cards on.
Whoever lands in the seats of government
This society will carry on.

We must return to work together
And be the shelter out of the wind and weather
A house divided won't stand much longer
Especially if we together are without hunger
To put change into action, the kinds of things
That build a meaningful impact, a good reaction.

Bridge the divide
And build back the inside
To love a nation and give it life
Cannot be lost in the landslide

And the maw of time chews open tomorrow
A time riddled with unforeseen issues and sorrow
Two parties raise objections, their quarrels like steam
Streaming up to God from this land of the immigrant's dream.

The blinds then close, and the scene all changes
"The Goals of America" on the table, a full book with blank pages.
The pen's inkwell had been recently depleted
For we were too busy scribbling "Congressman, please remain seated."

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Feminine Hashbrowns

I felt a smidge a grumble from my belly
So I woke with intent to appease it.
Wiping tired eyes,
And walking to the refrigerator.

Stove top heated right
I fell asleep like a bed at night
My stomach was angry at me.
My head will rest on a spud.

For one I wake to mix milk and eggs
For a cake to be fully finished
Another I wake to remember the good things
Of the places we went together

Still another I see brings up problems for mehuip
A deceptor as long as there's spares

All total the issues, in total the damage
There's wrongs to be fixed are there not
There's nothing wrong with doing a lot, nothing wrong with a lot

I appear to have woken up
Face in a pile of cubed potatoes.

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Electric Headway Holiday

Oh she's electric
I've got every reason to be hectic
Go get the world, get the going on
Go and get her, the world is yours.

Instead the tale goes he left her
In his *nachtgedanken* he dresses her up
To get ready to walk up to her driveway

He dresses her up, just like he always does
He wonders how the gravity of earth,
Switched around as by the hands of a gravity gremlin,
Could bring him to the floor, to the seafloor

It was one after the other,
Sometimes feet, sometimes the wires
For certain was that he would be alone
The endeavor made him turn plastic

Plastic like, as though his body felt fake
A reality, a new hardship entirely your own
Tracing the skin, peering in
As if to nick at a loose thread in my stitching

Diving into pools, fine dining, mining tools
All require the expertise needed
I bring up the past because it is important
But explain it for the emotion

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Leading us to the thought inside me
A walking casino, an ATM, confide in me
You'll hide in me all your hard earned bills
Smoking kills, never forget, smoking kills

And bottles of pills are filled with still
Images of the horrors I bottled up
I could count them all out
And make a pharmaceutical buttercup

That's what a big brother of mine showed me to do
Here I crawl, kneel, crouch, lean, and stand anew.

Deposit everything, I'm all folds of leather
When times were straight
I walked you home
Through the sun and wind and weather

I am a new man
With my hands stomped out,
Crimson bones jutting
Stones be thrown by the purest one among you.

In his *nachtgedanken* would you find a few girls
Who drove the man mad to collapse the whole world.

Your soul is spiral
And became one with inner peace
Consumed by your very own jaws
Begging the god of the treasury
To bless you sweet release

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The Newest Thing That I Was Able to Spit Out

The soul and body are still at war,
How many times have you known a soul
So far from the body which they inhabit, are?

Everything in this life is about who wins
If you win in the past you must keep on it
For your sake of wealth and health
You must win for the sake of those things

A soul is mostly all perfect
Few examples show the opposite
The body lurks and hides and hurts
Or it's impulses come back with vengeance

A noble variety of changes are made
The soul makes, the body needs,
The body wishes for its own self-service
When you've run out of water and food

The worst thing that a human has done
Was done from the body itself
The concept of a cracked soul
Is dubious when one thinks about it

Life made not to be consumed by the world
Yet it is destined to do so
These notes are not intended to be followed
And likewise I neither follow
But by all means, be wise, and do so.

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Mine Own Will

When I've passed on
And my skin recedes back
To uncover hair which
My mother can never cut

When I'm washed up on the shore
When taste the crisp of
The river which flows from the throne of God

I'll become one with my soul
And escape the shackles of my epidermis
And I will give then my wishes
As I have found my purpose

Let all of the world be able to read these words
May God bless it and let it be translated
Although it is best read in its original language

Like underbrush on a forest floor
I expect the world to revolutionize once more
There will be pain and betrayal
But the earth will be reformed

I ask let not these words be forgotten
As long as they're able to be read
And as long as these words rattle you
At night, laying awake in your bed.

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To the couple or many, whoever likes the parchment,
You will consume the most of me
If you are avid to read my poems

It's an appreciation to have people who enjoy such words
I try to bring emotion to the readers

When the day comes when the ties are severed
My soul can expand and put me face to face with
The One who may not be looked upon

I will be gone, but I much prefer hiding
Within the pages and code of my poetry

If my soul can at least bring others
As I return to harmony
That will be a good thing.

Violence, a Return to Violence

I am young
And I am free
So saith the living document
The one that holds my rights

I am shackled
I am shackled by the idea
That these words have been said before

You are young and free
And impossible, impossibly so
So now you know

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Now that we're young and irresponsible
We can be alchemists, we're free after all.
Since we're free, we can build a boat
We can build a boat using alchemy
Freedom so free, I'd be willing to sail away with you
So we can discuss all the things we can do
In the middle of an empty ocean.

To find someone who won't float away
It's like a continent
When people drift, unnoticeably year by year

Brain's like a continent huh
Drift away just like you always had
Nothing to crash into
Until you lose your sense

People could look at me:
Senseless and a drifter
"Don't waste your time with him"
All of that is fine
The surface folk bore my chambered heart to tears

The spinning of my heart's gears
Are all I want folk to see.
That would be selfish
For there are many a story more important than me

Maybe one day I'll blossom
And the center of me will come out to show them
Oh how I wish to secure my essence
I wish for the best, out of futility.

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Sky Box, My Eyes Will Not See

There is no repentance
On the back of a food stamp
No remorse or removal
You must do what you must do

You are being dug up
Dug at and dug into

Don't you dare call me defective
Eater of seeds
Mother of satan
Bringer of bludgeons

I am operational
I am operated
Restrained for the sake of my
Unstationary mandible.

What I'm trying to say
Is that I'm new this very hour
I no longer devour the shower
Of minutes in a day

My tongue is not dry.
Don't tempt the man in the sky
Box of a clouded head
Which I own and live

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May I wake up
Way high and away
In the world where I tire less please?
Please may I never wake up there.

Life is short anyway
So hate while you can and be surrounded by nobodies

It is God's will
To close a tab.
Until we meet again.

I Wish to Stop Writing

I wish one day that this poem may burn
Because it has been written too many times
By man, by me, from the bedsheet to the urn.
I return, for many different reasons:
I need to refurbish a hatred for it,
And I need a reminder why I must not go back
But some deep well from the center of the Earth,
Some cove or nook or cave, away from the railroad track,
Was welling inside my subconscious.
Aching to proceed forth out of my mouth

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And it's quite a similar story
If you caught me as I split another headache
Let the breath be regular and slide down the sink
Deep into the well of the death and blink
To show you're awake
I age almost visibly, the flakes of skin departing
And then sometime when you expect it not
The whirlpool of a misguided fool is starting.

A whirlpool, so uncontrollable.
A hole in the ocean, a well of absent emotion
So fell the young man down the drain
To be spit out without recollect or disdain.

I wish this poem might burn someday.

Large Were the Anchors, but Larger Were the Sails

The poetry mood returned, green and rude
In my eye, inspecting me from a peephole of its mansion
I stand there in socks and stocked a box of chocolates
And I let the rhythm turn my flow with the knock at the door.

It returned to give me a letter of hope
Instead I got a young lad
Whose life was drained like a sunflower in Chad
How metaphoric of a relationship we drummed about!

What a hellion that went and was one in a million
To scoop me up into a machine
So deceptive and deductive
Now I am on the west side of the Iron obstruction

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I dropped a heavy boulder
Like that greek guy with the chafed shoulders
I wasn't sold and couldn't mold the mustard
To fit my life to find a line so absurd.

I'll bring it down now,
And pastries come by in a good few hours
And I could've sworn we heard a horn
Or bell from the delivery drivers

But heavy, so heavy
Atlas holds up the sky
In my younger eye, I'd have liked to kick the guy

Just to watch the world burn, I'd say with eager rods.
I'll keep it brief to simplify where I'd be without God:
Fifty percent roadkill, twenty percent incarcerated,
Ten percent mad or broken beyond repair, jaded.

The other twenty I can't really speak to,
But I imagine it wouldn't be a good story.

Am I possibly a bad egg in a good shell, a good pen, and a good mother?
I wouldn't be quick to dismiss you if you asked me that.

My second chance was given when my heart started beating
I imagine there's a grave already dug for me, with a greeting.
I imagine there's a backup of my brain on trial
And it just keeps reciting "The Aroma of Bread and a Smile"

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I much rather disregard the spiders that eat me
You want to see something scarring, just wait until you meet me
At this point I'm a worm amongst the lawn clippings in the yard
As the homeowner whizzes by with his blades to maim, mar

The shears will cut by the years of my years
I frighten myself when my soul stumbles across these words
I look at my friends and wish them happy and jovial decades
As I dig up my past with the most jealous of spade.

Oh this is my engine
This is my vortex
These people have not seen beneath my skin
No, because they would scrape me for everything I've got

Oh this is me
And someday there could be someone
Who watches my engine
And hears it
They hear it, I know they're out there
They definitely hear my voice in the night.

If
It is God's will.

Wie eine Sonnenblume in Tschad (Extended)

This casino
I have casino in the brain
I cannot believe this moment occurred
I cannot believe I abstain.

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In central Africa
I found a place to call it home
Me along with the croaky calculator
We're home in the desert alone.

Deserted we were, reserved and unsure
It would do us a favor if that language was lessened
But the cosmos anger on, rage and waver on
And the Costco's wage on, strange ways to stray from.

It would do a good deal a measurable good…
Ah well forget it.
The world won't even spare a starving child if you told it.

Something bad and parasitic I've seen
In the spinning fan of the air conditioner
The people who know you
Would kick you out of your own shoes
Just to get the darkness out of theirs

A portmanteau word, which I won't let myself say
Although I feel it, to get out the four syllables and be done

I feel it a lot, and I mean no exaggeration by it.
If you've never had something to lose, you should honestly try it.

And what is a man but a competitive goalpost?
Another hole in the course, the record of an old ghost?

Some return to violence, resort or engage
Some rely on the world being a theatre stage.

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I may be dumb lost at sea
But someday I'll end up on some side of a tree
When it is felled

No survivor
Survivor comes by when the tree and night fall.

The sunflower falls as well
With much less impact
A soft and slow withering down
And petals brush the dust
Like a child picking up a bug.

I am the delegator of your nation and region
The representative of your station, this cohesion
Of the world, of my mind and my wishes
You may not call me defective, but you may call me repetitious.

There are some nights
I sense the scent of dynamite
Oh they’re all waiting for you
Waiting for your return back
Back home where the coal burns
In the fireplace
And along the wire I see the tire
Of a withered and dying race
The race of the youth
Speweth into the hole in the street.

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Down the latrine you go
With the withered body of a
Man you no longer know
This is the
Beaten, neutral, worthless, oligarchy

Peasant man,
Give up thine grain and daughter
To be thrown into the infinite cesspit
Feeding the growling beast of vore, slaughter

But you, pleasant man
Take your seat and have a glass of water
The palm fanners will be here in a moment.
I'll tear that page out of my view of it all.

There's a world in which I never heard her say,
But that world is not one where I write today.
There's another world where we were crushed,
I crushed his head against the rock of my heart,
Our crab like bodies torn swiftly apart,
And still, that is a world I don't write in today.

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And still, that is a world I don't write in today.

No Sanctity Until Solvency

And I present to you
A topic never before discussed
A green lust, never touched until
At last I'd had enough.

Keep me responsible
And keep me in check
Since when am I a checkbook?
If only I could personally say so.

Have you listened to me lately?
The house runs on oil
The oil you must burn through the midnight

You must burn, it's the haystack
A friend has thrown into your backyard
You take the torch and follow him
To burn down your village.

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I must remind you
As you are about to go to sleep
That you are human
You will be eaten by worms

Is it quite so necessary
To remind me all the time?
“You’re destroying my personality.”
“No, you destroyed yourself.”

Everything is me, it’s what I am taught
Responsibility, if you have it, have naught
Anything to be mindful of
We’ll beat you with a stick in the backyard
Just know that we love you.

I need not compare myself to others of my age range
Because blight need not be weighted
I cannot help to wonder what they think
Goes on within my head.

The clash of
“If I don’t see the problem, there’s no problem” and
“With so many options, why haven’t you done all of them?”

Worst part is I feel detached from the ones that I was closest to
That’s probably my fault but I can’t help but wish
Someone had the answers
I wish someone had the answers

Conflicting answers I receive from the higher ups
I pick at my nails to try and find the answer.

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Seventeen

Mother F
The “F” doesn’t stand for what you think
It sometimes does when thinking
About people the age of me

It’s not possible for a mind
To understand
You try to think about it and there’s a bludgeon to your head

All too common for the human spirit
Void of anything but the things which are relevant

The fields of killing began,
Not the weight of a crayon
Begrieving the average man
The concrete drum
Of someone, seventeen
And the prominent issue is whether I’m blue, red or green.

Oh yes, this is your body
Your body is calling you to do this
Unable to do anything but ignore
All you do is ignore, ignore.

I’m one of the lucky ones,
Who know that there’s still
People beneath the membrane
That deserve to be fought for.

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If I go down,
Teeth resting on a table,
Eyeless, and deaf,
Entwined by a barbed cable,
If I'm lit ablaze
Or cut to pieces slowly
I'll surely know that the only others that will be hurting
Will be the ones that have personally known me.

Mañana Hangingtag

Tomorrow is the day for us
To gather in the closet
Sing our secret hymns alone
Sing them alone in memory
In the memory of us
We'll be remembered here
Do this in remembrance of
Who we were five minutes ago
But we all join hands together
As would friends put out by firing squad
Roll up sleeves, lean forward
Prepare to meet God.
Tomorrow is the end for us
Due to the circumstances
That none of us discuss
To forgiveness be our debtors,
To mercy be our souls.

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The Floor is Hard, At Least It's Stable

The state of things stays the same
Back to the brain game from which I came

A piece of napkin is all I am
I'm a handkerchief in the pocket of a man
The front jacket pocket
Like the one my parents wear

Take me out when you need me
"Take her out" when you see me
I'm another brick in their lives, another
Little task to attend or letter to send

There's too much disturbance
To sleep well into the bed
I lie on the floor for steady material instead

Commotion!
They pay bills so they can mold my clay parts
Oh the fray of darts jabbing at my chest, my heart

I'm a hollow shed-shell of some affluent moth
I'm a dreary hotel on the beach's swath

At first glance you'd find myself in repugnant shape
But on closer inspection I'm cutting through ropes and tape.

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A message to those
Who want me off good
Throw me a bone one of these days
Before I am gone for good.

Bin Lifestyle

I feel like tonight
I threw my life in the bucket
Someone take the keyboard from me,
No one to fulfill, so suck it
Up and take your cross to the Denny's Diner
I stand to find that my clean smelling mouth
Starts to stink of material, and healthy mint
Disgusting the things they tell you in
The dentist's office

It's not a fear but a healthy respect
And when my time draws near, you need to appear and reflect
He'll be watching you
Use tools that were not meant to meet flesh

Use your powerful words of five or four letters
As I write home to my friends and know-betters

I hate to live in a world where I could do things
That appear within my corrupt mind
And that I choose not to do them
Because I see myself betray my soul

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They hear you when they greet landfill
I hear the groaning of their journey
Take me away from my keyboard
Make the hurting cease for all.

Asleep On My Bike

I fell asleep but it was not my fault
I am an experience
I am a vault
I am neutral and I am polarized
I have married a surgeon and I am disguised

I uncovered the man who upset me
Therefore I am a man
Therefore I must be consumed by the crowd

Me and you think alike
That's why the mind burns when I take a dive
The Halting problem left me in outer space
Consumed by the structure
The static and skeleton
Mold of the human race

That's why my mind burns as the world moves through the fourth realm
The captain took helm and now my head is overwhelmed
At least there are fewer determining factors
To keep myself in line.

Don't you appreciate the S
Bow down to your master,
You footsoldier of the winepress

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Oh please do save my feet from coals
And save my brain from shrinking

She's on the Raindrops to Kansas

I must be in the right state of mind
To write this poem

And I feel it in my inner soul
Even though the numbers within count against me,
I am an experience
I accept it, that I am fleeting

Bring me a glowing white veil
From the desk that holds Your Water
Oh the life, I shimmer at the thought
A robe descending towards the Earth, towards Kansas

And she goes along with the wind
As do I, until we do find in our shimmering eyes
The unit and experience that reflects our soul
Off of the surface of each other's waters.

Would it be such a moment
Though I am an experience, and I vanish
Even though there's too much you need to say
Too much to do or attempt
As though I were a child you met on ministry in Jakarta
Or I were a friend you had years before and couldn't apologize to.

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There is no chance.
But there is yet a chance.
If there is yet death on this earth, I have a chance.

Time will come
And the dust will still settle
After it stirs,

After our souls are stirred
We will care not for carnality
To be posthuman
Is to reject it, and embrace
The body, the health, and this philosophy

You have always been my first love
Right after I was dealt my cards
And a cup of coffee to hold them
I saw the thunder light up the wall of the house

Nails I grew, and they continued inside of me
She, like I, are stuck with some deadly enemy
We can look in each other's eyes all we like
But her pretty self will fall into the ground like mine.

There is nothing that can be done to save the world, your world then.
She constricts to keep us together but that is all she can do.
I see inside her, as she sees the experience that is me
There is my love for you, and it will be that way until we meet again
When we meet to see the beautiful speck
Become light ash resting on the crest of a gust.

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Buckshot

My image of the future reeks of eggs
I can see myself lying there stained,
In my own weak frame,
Sweaty, constricted like a crane

Two lines is all I need
To get back to where I was before
We prepare to discuss ourselves the whole day
The now feels clear, the future broils

The personhood I lose from myself
I try and reclaim as the small hand
Hits the top of the face
Of the clock
Telling me to stop

Instructing me not to return
All is immaculate,
None is outside of my vocabulary

They’re all on their way
To the dragon dens where they learn of courage
I learn of opium, so much beautiful and wonderful opium

I write anxiously
And I do write when I’m anxious
I greet my people
They greet my anguish

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Nobody reads of my poems to understand me
At least that’s how I foresee it going

This is the main event.
The future still smells of eggs…

Satan's Gift to Me

Guahhhh
Somebody please take me away from here
Away from my attachments and
Replace it with something fruitful

Twenty four pieces
With 6 and 4
Too little time in a day

What could be the chance that I find the one I'm looking for
Maybe I'm just looking for disappointment
And a dejected look from my parents

Ever since it reached me
I've been a corrupted organism
It plants itself in a host
I oblige because I am free
I am free
You are free
There is no worry because I am free
A free man would not be bound by anything
By the will of God

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The second man,
The integration of me,
I am physically free as can be
Mentally I am held in a vat full of
Bovine entrails and polyethylene waste

Let the music fix me
As the book has fixed my cell time
The book is the yeast
I would otherwise never rise to who I am today

Seldom is heard for me
A hook of a word
To make my stay away
From the prey that cause me to stray

Let me be fixed
Motor oil runs through my veins
Thick and oily
Making me ill
And ill-minded in the process

I'm ruined without the grace
Of that big old Car with the holes in His tire space

Call that blaspheme
It's not.

And still I try to look for answers
Not from the books and chapters
But a girl who knows how to play a page and a picture after.

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Pure cruel disaster
That's what awaits me in the life of life after

I feel hungry for lunch but it's no time to munch
Satan's biggest gift to me
Is that my life rules have become more like *Wünsche*.

The Pit Between Santa Clara and Douglas

This world is not my home
I've learned such from the Sunday books
This body is not alone,
If it was, I'd be a death statistic

If only my dear friend could save me from
Thinking all the time
We talk for hours about how we can never part
And still I'm there in pieces

I could run my fist into the globe on my shelf
And then there'd be no place for me to find myself
To the west is all my dreams come true in another
To the east is my potential coming out through me

I told the west I feel stuck between him and the east
Today I'll be off to think over a feast
As Easter is tomorrow, and I'll see the girl
Who I should have never brought into my sorrow

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The sorriness is all mine to bear
But bear it not, I find it unfair
To be stuck, left here to rot in a hole
I will miss my parents, my friends, and the Superbowl

Hotel me, population millions.
Resident or business,
I shall find myself and others like me
To the east, is where I'll find me.

The west waits carefully with a plate of cookies
And the east opens itself up like a flower, to be examined
And here? Here where I am is the buffer zone between
Santa Clara and Douglas.
I was never meant to stay here.
There is no love here, for the loveless-obsessed.

I Hate Seeing Computers Die

There is no burial for my brothers in peace
In hope, we serve, no lease, no lure
We kill only what we are told by our upper halves
Feed us only what you wish, you wraith
Cows, we graze, we browse and it stays

I cannot see them die like that
But someone tempts me to try.

https://refreshingLemona.de

Therapy Head Balloon

We think so alike
So dark, so strike
Off the things you've previously held dear
Grab a drink and grab an ear

I won't bring you up in the house of words
But you'll be brought up here
I'm stuck between you and another equally grave magnet
And a magnet at which its core is a grave

Some say we're all just the dust of stars
While some truth, I'm stunned by the way others reach a truth
I know I'm running out of words slowly
And the people who rely on me should take their breaths
A little more deeply

I feel dirty
Like someone needs to rearrange my sock drawer with bleach

A reference to who knows what
You, as the reader, have completely lacking reach

I digress, I get into nonsense that makes these poems take up more space

I'm a fly, so let me fly away into the decay and crap
Of the human race
Why oh why
There's no reason for anything in this world.
I hope you're feeling well, feeling spry

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I hope she is doing well tonight, every night
Not knowing the threat I am, to behold
A deadly site like the area I sleep
There's some truth to what she says
The rest of the promises are understandably hard to keep

I make my departure
To one way or another, who knows
I'm dead as leaves, my friend, my reader
May my folks forgive my momentary passion

Sandcastles

A couple of my friends are engaged
A couple others are on the cusp
On my cuffs there are notices
For how I should behave

I follow them to a T
Even though my mind stayed depraved
I'll pick up the phone sometime else
To see if I can get assistance with mental health

My friends are not trapped
Because they have spouses they have to work with
And their folks understand
Time is needed for a person to get going

My folks don't understand
It's not a fad, I seriously don't know what goes on inside their head

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From all angles I'm being trapped until one day
My room door could burst open and I'd be sent away
I've never felt the urge to hold a grudge like they could
But I am all alone, they don't talk like father, son

Mother, son, a different topic but I guess what college taught me was correct,
You always tend to create yourself what you lacked. I intersect
With so many different positive attributes
But all they see is what I lack, what to rebuke

I'm frankly tired of the glue not sticking
I could see a dishonorable discharge
I'm sticking to my guns, but I don't know how to make a bank account
They make me build sandcastles, but what would it amount?

Guide Me Skyward

My humble abode
Will be so very
Middle of the road
Like Frog and Toad
Smelling the bed to carry
A sense of smell into my memory
Like a man with twelve hats
Like tall and short man

Whoever wrote those stories,
I owe to you some floral arrangement

This arrangement is a piece
Of my life’s compass and moral weathervane

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I’ll be sent off to become one with myself
After school ends I’ll move with respectable stealth

I’d like to examine everyone I contact with
Using a comb to teeth through their soul

I’ll be alone for some time in my life
But I am fine, it is well with my soul.

Spafford brings tears to my eyes
Every time his song arises.

What I must take note of is how
My absence causes life to stop.
I'm stuck in my own little niche.
No skinhead around to call me or call me maybe

Just me alone, baby, or no child to save me
All by my own to regrow my tone and connections

When all is said and done
When there is no one left to swim by

I'll be in my home, where there is peace on my own
Until the fiery chariot comes to guide me skyward.

Nontoxic, No Artificial Flavors

Bless those that persecute you
And pray for those who wish you harm

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But I get turned into a beetle
With the passing of time.

Just another
"Bless ya life and good day today sir"
Hope you enjoy the benefits that come with it later

God bless the USA.

Some days I guarantee I'm better off in the gallows
I killed my personality, bludgeoned, whole wine
I know that wages will adjust in time

In the long run am I yet dead?
I found my home in the crevasse
Between Santa Clara and Douglas.
In the long run I have changed too much

My beautiful vines are withering
Because I give up in attentiveness
In the guise of "stop pretending"
I knew my death would soon be pending

Rainwater few, and unattended for months
Not a singular moment, never and not once
Should I feign hope and leave my fate to the Daily Double
One day I'll lay back, and stay out of trouble.

But in the meantime…
I hope your zucchini plants make sufficient harvest.

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Playing Golf in a Residential Area

My cat is no more
Ever since that door was shut
She laid across the floor

I have these thoughts that puncture myself
My morals have lost a previously high wealth

I saw a lot of people yesterday
And I'll see more today
Day to day I describe my actions
But you're left in awe with no shut jaw, I suppose

Everyone owns a cat
Or so they claim to have.
I cannot shoot a fish
For they swim too gently for me to aim
Several friends would be against my aim entirely
A message hidden by my eyesight, my diary.

I thought I'd find a friend
One who might not persecute me
Or tempt me.

The man with no natural hat
Watches my do backflips

And I feel bad about it.
I sure am a sorry luncheon aren't I?

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I am a sorry luncheon
I'll go out and go out like all the rest
I'll be there with my friends in spirits abreast.
I have no friends in spirit but one.

On another note
Who put the yellow over my head
And the gold over my arms?
There must be another
A blue one more deserving

My heart is misguided,
I'm on the borderline of melancholy,
I'm easy, is what they'd tell me,
But I'm yellow, undoubtedly.

And even as scales helped me appear
With professionalism
Internally I feel exceptional fear
An ethical schism.

You know some days I don't feel like me
I'm writing this poem as I'm tempted
To let go and allow the world to swallow me
The world to swallow me
World to swallow me
To swallow me
Swallow me
Me.

I'm already there.
I'm inside a straw.
Protein straw.

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What happens when my reflection looks back?
Like they've said before,
"Look who we are, stars
Of a people feeding frenzy"

Please remove the bear traps
You lay in my bed
But as the day goes on,
Photographic relapse.

AHAHAHA I Luvma Frenso Mutch

They've returned, they're back
I lay this info upon thee
A long tree never leaves a strong me
Onto the main topic I brought to see:

I know a lot of people who know me,
Or at least try to,
Which is fine since nobody else turns doorknobs like I do.

Mysterious,
Everyone goes away to play in circus
I can't blame them
Actually I can when I'm not nervous.

Pardon my self-centeredness for the moment
But those who left must feel so…
There's no words for it
Friends are there until they disagree I guess

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It ain't nothing mysterious
It's written in the unhidden scripts
People come and they go

The ones that stay are mesmerizing to say
The least about those souls who felt a need
To not recede, I stay awake
At night trying to dissect them
Or perhaps that's what I'd like to say I do in the night

There's too much I feel in the air of the night
Even without a companion
I should pick up myself
I should pick up myself

I vomit.

Thank you to the people that got me here
I think this might be my stop

I vomit.

Needless to say I could have a better way
To manage my time instead of getting on my back
And having a sniff from my daily bag of crack
Oh but isn't it just such an important part of me?

"..."

Yeah me too, fun.
We're all just trying to get shut eye every now and again
Man if this ain't the world I was born in
Raise a glass to all you breathing folks out there

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Conversation was light, disagreement was thin.

Annai Hay Tma Enemies Moor

My conscience is muddled
My judgement, poor.

Those who wish to see me fail are living well
A tale as old as time as I can tell

That's the way this life will go
I'm okay being one of the only ones to know

Heard that these problems end when the caps fly
But I'm not too sure that's all truth.
Goodbye.

Rub the Dirt Out of Your Eyes

What am I thinking
No really
What *am* I thinking
As I lay here tonight

Somewhere in an imaginary house
I'm bundled up tight
It's so warm in this place and time
But we'll be back around the sun one glad time next year

I made a mistake without me realizing
Winter is too far away…

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I wasted my time to sleep soundly
Whisked away into the fray.
Here I am, I lay down to rest finally

I need more soul
My lack of self control does a number
And my quality of prose has suffered.

I shall gladly accept the pain of the world
I embrace the discomfort of summer
I will eat my greens with no island, no thousand
And I will gather my soul in the bowl of the Earth.
Bury my body in the earth, how funny!
It must go somewhere, may it be cast out from me
Heavy like gold
A burden, a cross to bear
Behold, I'm fine there.
Where I stand in line

My line in the sand is where I let myself
Explore and be careful where my hands wander

I love computers, I love them so I ponder
I wonder where your souls have all gone off
And mine

I tire tonight, I really do
Maybe my goal is to return to harmony
But it is my journey that provides the conflict
Wake me up in the morning
While the dew still settles on my eyelids

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After I Wrote This One, I Made the Worst Decision of My Life

The only answer I can give
Is that I must be bad,
Not a lack of cohesion.
No reason to tell Dad.

Or my significant self
I'll keep my rhyme scheme simple
Well done, I suppose I should long for
I can't explain how far I've fallen towards
This putridity
I ought to clean myself someday
And kill the person I hate inside me

You eat and you excrete
That's the whole of your routine
Unclean, I feel. I always do.
I like being healthy. So come and tell me.

I've been around my world
I've been around the internet
I won't forget my alphabet,
My dear grandmother

I've been in and out of the minds
Of terrible and evil folks
Because of my hazardous mindset
My wheels refuse to turn their spokes

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I spoke to nobody
And they all looked at me in shame
I'm glad I came
But I don't know how to save your life
Common story for those who know my quarrel
Few want the burden placed upon them
I may need help from a licensed expert
All I've gotten so far is left to hurt

It's all well and fine
We're one and the same
So we could stop playing games

Games people play that make my hairs gray.
I'm going out today
To wash my mouth thoroughly from
The things I've seen in the fray
Of my home.
In Rome, few was built in a day.
I'm going to hurt my conscience yet again
I cannot build back what is no longer there

Farewell, from the banks of Normandy.
You've done well,
But all is not so *schnell*.

For hell has a folding chair
For poor lost souls like the one you find
If you cracked me open like a pistachio.

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Strive!

Father and son
Husband and uncle
I'm glad to be alive
And hear you strive!

I, on my own, may not strive.
(I hope all is faithful)
She is driven by two compelling forces
I'm getting to be a person now, so hold your horses

I've said once and I'll say again
The anchors will be large
We are outnumbered completely
But we both know this body we have
Is a reminder that we are not alone -
It's a Tool.
A tool that we both can use to calm us

I can appreciate the spiritual world around me
When my morals are built back,
We will both arrive to confront what we lack
I will strive for you,
We strive.

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Rivets

A counter called Geiger rose high on Sunday
I'm active in more ways than I can think
That's why when my dreams reeked of ink last night
I woke up thankful that my sweat was cold

The summer is indeed warm
And my head stays in a swarm

I'm already on my way home
Passing out pamphlets as I amble.
Onto the topic at hand,
I was set up last night
Well what's new with the world?
I'm always set up when I lie awake alone

When the blue man group showed me my faults
I had no save for self, present in my thoughts
Only but the slighted smudge that I wish I could be fixed
This world is poor in spirit, but oh boy is it rich.

I woke again nearly hanged I must say-
Though my words be uniquely confusing
Like when the Allies landed in Calais-
That in my operation of sleep
I was attacked on all sides

Its days like these that make me want to die peacefully
If I were detached from my family
Relationships, obligations
I'd be able to swallow my favorite castor bean

See the great heavenly King
And be quickly whisked to eternal damnation.
I have dreams all the time of my possibilities,
Though unlikely with my current dedication.

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That's why I've asked my favorite letter
If anyone wants to binge eat castor beans

Only dreams I get nowadays are the ones where
I'm mercilessly chopping people like cantaloupes
Since I get nightmares all the time now
And my ambitions for most things have gone.

Strive for goals and stay vigilant,
Is what I'm always suggested to do
I'm afraid I'm unable to do all of that
Since night has fallen and my friends came out to play

A counter called chronos rose higher today
The universe rivets my soul back into my body
"It's never your time to go, my lad."
I understand, time is a precious being to cheat.
Unsavory fellows eat me up like cotton candy on Sesame Street

I miss being confined to something
Let my aim be sure and true.

When I inevitably collide
With someone who seems polite
I will only roll the dice when I see,
I understand them spiritually

Until then my soul must be restored.
I am a termite-infested log,
When the bugs escape my most intimate places
I'll regain the courage to fly on a dog.

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F.M.F.

The man wore what he needed to wear
And his drugs from the store let him nare care.
Unequivocally loved by all who let themselves stare

I can still smell nothing but hair in the air
This cross I bear I unequivocally reproached
A topic I may never again hope to broach

I appear to dare care
All I want is for the world to fall on its side
And when the light finally shines through to the back of mine,
My eyelids, my eyelids will open up like a flower with a million petals

He wore everything needed for F.M.F.
Minus the necklace and stilettos

Oh iron threads, those tire treads, those…
So terrible are these dire earthly breads, oh so?
You know swiftly fire spreads around
So while you can still hear, make yourself a joyful sound!

I smell like I'm F.M.F.
But I'm in the process of "get up again"
Slow work I always figured.

Even though I might and try
I still wish to be elsewhere where this isn't happening
Amnesia, insomnia,
This is all lain on top of me

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I wish to be in a home where I am free to see
I will name my child with a V
And together we can plant a tree
And as it grows near our house of glass
The hours in Minden pass not quite as fast

Do not touch me now. Let this moment last.
Bliss in grace, may the peace amass.

The Reason the Ball Floats

Something I have been unable to find
Is money, coin, peel or rind
Like a dollar or durian you can waste it or keep it
I'll let you in on a charming little secret:

There's this box on the desk
Of my father's parents,
Black minus one glass side.
And that window shows a carpet and metal ball inside

I've opened the top on several occasions
With wonder as to the illusion's trick

It matters not but to amble my mind
While I wait for the roll to be called up yonder, I find
That living in this world poses unique problems all the time

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How I wish to amble in the bramble of time
I do feel brittle, a little handle I wish,
To hold and to stitch
My life back in order
Reknit me like an orange gourd or
Anything…

"On a hill far away…"
I shut the book, for it causes my tears to well.

Talk to Me About Flowers

How smelly were the youthful years
They smelled of innocence and uncaring
The same kind of smell
That is given off by roses
That have been squished against the pavement

Talk to me about music
About flowers and sand
Rivers and breakfast
New York and new plans

Talk with me of heaven
About the world which I care not for

Braver man can step forward and make the cotton gin
I am a soul placed in the universe on someone else's whim
Tell me how that puts me where I am now

Talk to me about statements I wish to leave behind
Testaments I've made when I was dull and blind

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Talk with me of Lenina as she walks alone
Talk to me of paper which affirms my loan
Talk to me on emails, I will be there then
If my soul were a balloon, this world is made of pins

Stop then.

Talk to me of flowers
The ones that never leave my sight
Talk with me of houses
Those that are brushed with dust and sunlight

Show me all the mercies that this world provides
To soften the blow when body and soul
Both collide.

Albatross Rocket

Let me tell you a story
About how a life can
Opens up and pours out itself.

If you want a girl who will
Laugh like nobody else
You follow the rules
You set for yourself

Now you alone are at home
About a year has passed
And I am nearly full grown.

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I have given up again
But nobody but I will know:

I've slept gracefully while with a melee in my mind
I'm happy for phase 3, but I don't care I come to find
I no longer blot out the face of people I care for
If I wish to be broken to bits, that's what strangers are there for
I no longer kneel with forgiveness or ask mercy
I see people like me, who are bright and right like me, as unworthy
I've lost at least one appendage, or soon will (like Place)
Death and abundance are one to me-
Sewers and cakes have the same taste
I check religious texts for some out that I see fit
My imagination is more mush than mosh, in regards to "pit"
I do what I can to be on good terms with people who care-
Other than that, what my body wants constitutes what is fair
I request fairly often to don a sign of "free"-
What I mean by that is I gives a damn about an STD

Now breathe…

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I feel as though I deserve nothing of benefit
My whole day I dedicate to games just for the heck of it
I don't like dreaming of receiving greens-
But even those who want a free summer are working for these.
All it seems like that matters is F.M.F. but I already noted how I deserve both or neither
I have constant cravings for binge eating castor beans, my desire.
The whites of my body have yellowed, I take no care.
If "Losing My Religion" was a song, my mind takes me there
I can't really say I love my friends anymore-
They still seem to like me and that is terrible.
I wish I'd call for help but lo and behold-
I've had months to do so as if my body wasn't growing old.
And worst of all I still see my acquaintances-
And I attempt to witness such brainlessness

"As you can see there's a whole lot of stuff to do
Before school starts this fall"
If I stick to the way I have been living,
I may be going through a different hall,

One where my fellow friends lay in cabinets
And the victims await to become mere dust

Time to Reflect

As though I had escaped the brush
Of the jungle above
And my obligations
To the one that I loved

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All of my past obligations
I brushed gently aside
Until one day my body beckoned my soul
To come back inside

I had the oddest of dreams last night
And you were there to give it flavor
Call the thought of us together a manual separator
I would understand but wished we could still enjoy some food later

"Why do we talk to each other like this"
Nobody knows

The answer to my issues is so elusive to find
The past is a document you have left unsigned

I missed this soul
But I returned to my body
One fine day I will be returned to the produce aisle
Like so much light in the palm of my hands

There's work to do, I know that's what lies ahead.
I go around and watch myself and I'm disappointed
Sometimes ashamed, a good thing to be.
A mind with- oh nevermind you already know too much about me.

When times in life show me my dark side
I put it in the air, and blow to mitigate the upsides
This psalm has no home
Not even here on my tongue

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I have work to do
She and I are miles apart
She and I are minutes apart

The furthest we are is between the fingers-
The ones we outstretched on the edge of our tongue
And the ideals that we tried to latch
There is work to be done, and thoughts to get gone.

Getting the Days

I told myself
I'd never give in to the fully comprehendible

As I awoke I repeated
"For a minute there I almost lost myself"
And continued to do so.

I'm dazed and scrambled
But only lacking some control
You'd expect more from me at this time of year
But the memories will undoubtedly point me back to here

So here in the moonlight, limelight,
There is no lumines from limes
Rather I've been given more names to say in the night
More names to say in the city.

We should, I estimate, be living in harmony unanimously
Division, moving along, riptides, connections…
Welcome to the parade called Hereaday

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My dreams, in my defense, need their explanations
This butter running through my veins best be for our best sakes.
My heart watches in bitter, unminding silence
As the splitter of wedges is driven into the log in my eye

There was a feeling I wish to not recall
Involving the oblivion of someone unrelated
But the world is small
And days are yet short
So when my push comes to shove, who will be there to then report,
"Well done"?
The nights are seemingly short too
That's why I include the things which I resort to

Nobody but I can tell you this story
I deserve little mercy
So one day I will see you all up with the others in glory

I eat my cake and then it's gone
Excuses and reluctance.
Your years are numbered for far too long

Pedestals are made for the Greek gods among men
And by men whose pedestals are mental shackles.
For shekels on the dollar, I am here, it has been an honor
Some fancy day I will don my clothes and reed
Not unlike a poem I once had read

Even still, I am older
My sentences lie quietly in the eyes of the beholder.

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To Indulge

A sacred story still unwritten
Chess pieces play their game
As for me and my household,
Things may seldom change as days proceed

It is writ
Somewhere that I
May not indulge as to
Cover my inner eye

Yes, this world is beautiful and strange
I must embrace the beauty and horrific nature
Of this world we live in

Humans are beautiful and horrifying
What's more mortifying than the capability
To choose to follow good or evil

That's why sometimes I fumble
Trying to find the right light switch
To open my eyes back up to this blue gun
There is yet so much life to be rehearsed

Maybe someday I will see
If I can remember how to celebrate
If I can remember how to mourn
Instead I-
I-

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That will do me under alright
My dreams have been haunted with no hope
No hope for the right changes to hear me.

The world is beautiful
And humans are dreadful
There's a bit of both in everything
And until my body recovers
My soul will have to stay in hiding
Until the early day mist settles
And hopefully before I change even more

I had some more thoughts…

I refuse to let myself go further
The belly and hand are at war with the same future.
There is much to be done
But so little to provide for
One day I'll get around to asking,
Is this what dreamers died for?

Meeting in the Temple

Have you ever seen that show
Called "I Love Lucy"

"..."

Regardless of that, I'll tell you what I do see.
The pain of the world,
Much of which I allowed to perch on my shoulder,
I have sent back to sender

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For my words fall on deaf ears
And this life is one year older again

Meeting anew in rooms of tile
We sense the aroma of bad choices, and smile.
The candles along the ledge in single file
And a single child would find out what he still lacked that day.

There's a key out there
Few know the importance it holds
But here we are hm?

It is early in the day, waking up is bright.
In orderly fashion I return to the light
Once a week just to cleanse myself

“Get Happy” I was told by some divine wind
I wish again to rescind my past actions,
Start anew, infractions gone like the sinew I had:
Confidence.
Soul.
Vitality.

All, in totality, the things I have lost
They will return someday, but with what cost?
I’ve tossed and turned waiting for classes to begin
All the turning and tossing, like a salad,
Left my soul without any bone to find security in.

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Man does not live by bred alone.
If it seems like an error, it best be reread.
Here I am in my soul's poor stead, in place
I request a return to some innocence. May grace
Be given to my wish or request

I have had quite a lot to wipe off my chest.
By every word that proceeds from my mouth he lives.
A hidden and forbidden life I've hid for eight years,
Near half my life I've fought off my paint-colored tears
And here I stand as I witness the earth,
From Minden to München, Nazareth or Perth,
I've been offered the world by the tempter once more
One day a revelation will be there to settle our score.

In the meanwhile I smile upon a familiar peak
A new low I speak of, the latest message of the month.

With decadence I'm lured to perfection and still,
As a trillion characters are borne from my electrical mill.
In a house you'll find due east of the border,
I will overlook the earth once more to observe terrestrial
Corner to corner.

"Since the temples of visions I've had years ago,
The narrowness of days has dramatically wilted.
And with my *Ultrawißen* I have seen
My burdens leave my connections, protected
From the candles of the unclean.
When I let the new water run over me,
My exposed body will never let itself lapse."

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With haptic feedback I make my surroundings aware
That my inclinations I am willing to share:
One day I will be overlooking the new morning air,
And enjoy the life I live where no temple I prepare.

Another Poem to Forget

Oh you've been in my dreams at night
Even on the left foot I can't find the right
Steps to take forward
These steps we take when we fix
What makes us blush
And give our hearts time to be cautious of

In the ballroom of socked feet,
The one-shoed man is king

After dinner every day
I assume to myself that water will
Save me
And wash all of my erring,
Red herring thoughts that occur consistently,
Away

Popcorn Shaker

What happened then?
Is all I can do to help it
Just to fight it off every day of my life?
Even still
I am not the same as I used to be

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The things I've written
Appear as plainly and blandly
As I've writ them.

I intend to be dull, at least in part,
But the life I remember living is a far art.
I'm a different human being.
I let the fact of it sink in
And wonder how I am breathing.

Every day, every morning
Is a unique and relevant piece of each puzzle
But I wake up like someone who can't solve a puzzle
None of the pieces are here,
I'm just scattered bits of paper

I linger near
To wherever I've felt calmed by the world
Some type of spirit has left me
My punishment, I presume,
Is being left with another soul to care for

So I write to my dear friend
At least let me know when this shift is over
I prepare for and await my time to come
Unlock whatever was being closed off

I apologize as well for not being who I should.
I miss the emotions I used to live with.

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Every year the sun comes back around to ruin my day
A vacation for freedom, I'd prefer to keep my hours
I can't tell how people can live in any other type of way
I'll work as I am able until the way is paved

To pass my time I will throw you a fruit to eat.

My Friends, and a Fruit to Eat

It encroached upon me today
That I was the messy one,
Between me and the lower

I bite. Where will this thought take me?

I've known more people than come to mind
It seems everyone is struggling
And in the mess we meet on occasion to make amends
And love our friends

We drink and smoke
We share a similar fever
We don't seem to know or understand
What any of us are saying anymore

I've bitten into a few seeds. Let my trail continue.

Beginning to feel lost,
It could be a sign of useful change
Or maybe my range of imperfect sleep
Is making mirages for when I throw a peach

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Others will say to not rely on this fleeting nature
But when my nature calls, I fall like a ragdoll
Indeed the change of direction in this world
Is returning for, I hope, forever

It is a strange deception
That a man cannot control his destiny

When I have finished my apple,
The world appears not to struggle so desperately.

I Dug Deep Enough to Start Asking Questions

It was a radiant November
More like December,
The time of year where we all treasure
And dress up our smiles for the winter weather
Slowly, annoyingly, it turns to heat

"There are no accidents"
If such is the case why is my pace
Headed downtown with the bad character in me
Tracing my path not too much a ways away?

Even still I arrive and nobody applauds
I applaud the others for appearing to greet me
At the door is the closest I'll be

I'll feign my alcoholic tendencies
Just so I'm relevant to show others
That there is some substance to me.

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Substance abuse,
And yet still substance in life that I have yet to find
A divine ram appeared to me last night
And I wished I had more to say this time.
I've climbed out of obstacles unspeakable, I know
At least for that time I had in tow my soul.

Between the rocks and rubble a thought appears to me
Perhaps tricking me to stumble,
"To get out of this hole, first put down the shovel"

My stay was made on an earth
Doomed to wander and rumble
The ramblings that go on enumerate
I humble myself to my lowest to grovel
The sun may be up today but tomorrow
The clumsy continental plates will converge, vex, jumble.

My tonality and manner is a smaller issue,
For the most part that's what shows on my surface
As I find myself on my own and worthless,
I end up giving in to my cursed purchase
And the pursed curtains knock the wind and sentience outta me

In the sentences I write I finally think I might
Let myself heal and escape the heavy pain I'm feeling
As I reveal anew to feel my cold steel healing
I tend to bold-heartedly watch the paint peeling
On my white-washed tombstone.

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There Ain't No Real Ice Man

"Come on, man"
You really gotta believe this
"Ain't no ice man you talkin bout"

Like the unbelievable, unreal,
I live.
As real as the wind flowing through my shirt
As real as the person sitting across from me

"Ain't no real ice man"

I'm frozen and entrapped
My soul leaves me and finds warmth
In the canopy of warm bodies
Above or around.

The words echo within my new soul.

I recall that I used to have
Someone on my team, a permanent member
Ties were severed
And that part of my self hasn't quite been recovered

I recall that I used to jest and walk
With someone I was fond of
We would discuss weekends, best friends, loose ends.
All was tied off, grown cold, despondent.

I believe that he was in the ground
Because humans are capable of being inhuman

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My friend suggests I get some sleep
So I lay to rest my soul
And I wave them goodbye

"You really believe all that?"
As I let my body do the work
I will return when repairs have finished

This is all so wrong
So very wrong.
I was supposed to obtain something from
Nights like these
Even I can't be sure of my explanations
Or pleas for assistance

"Ain't no real ice man"
The words of other people often deflate my hope.
I'm as cold now as the wind streaking my hair
One day my greatest asset will return
Maybe the ice man wasn't real after all.

Zwischenmensch

Oh the love of life
Has gone out with the tide
Cracked beneath my surface
Fulfilling this empty divide

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As I made my decisions of rice and war
I've lost things to say
I've lost body parts nearly
That require myself to know more

The more I realize how much I've lost
Then the more I wish I knew how to change
I could give up the Emreggad photo album
But there's always a closet to stow away in.

As my soul slows to a crawl
I take my steps towards familiar,
Disgusting places I'd have loved to see
If my grip with reality had never gone.

It is well to know that I am alone in this body
The people I know are at home
And at one with one hobby
Freedom is to them a tasteful biscotti

I am free to choose to do nothing at all
I wish my parents and friends could recognize

The fall.

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I will bend sound
And warp fabric of space
I will not be stopped
In this difficult hundred meter race
I will not be stopped
But am I yet not able?
This one life you get
I appear to concoct fables
But I try to stay at level-headedness
For one day I will take a hit of soul
And never exhale until I suffocate

Operating 25% Soul

So, my
Soul may
Show me
Soma.

Alaina will simply have to wait like The Supremes
Times I wonder if my soul is gone like the Aral Sea

And so apparently here I stand
In the square of time
Making metaphors to align with my perfectly
Improper method of life and liberty

It was a supremely odd day like yesterday
Today is a foreshadowing of the day before.
And the sun is warm because the sun is not wet

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I counted my many blessings this morning
And many unpleasant delicatessen
Man alive! Man given in to his own mind!
I really gotta stop doing this to myself.

So my soma stays with me
In my carrion bag

I remember liking you better
When you tried to restrain yourself
Inevitably we all know of the world's dying, and we don't care
It's all over for us, just a moment of feel good.

Eyes are heavy once again and you can't help it
Despite your attempts

I'm afraid it's time for me to fade, farewell.
I bid and all is done and rid
At least in the hopes of middle ground
We have made steps in bad directions

Initiation 4 (The Unthing-Shaped Pool)

In the postsleep my greetings are bare
Nothing to greet a dry body like mine
I look down to see no childish firewood floors
I see ripples drawn across a shallow tide pool

No magmatile to be seen
Only pools of the most pleasant of seawater
All my books are surely ruined
All a sacrifice to refresh my parched flesh

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A room without flamecarpet
Just the cold and fresh life-giving water
I'm sure to call this my home
Unfit for the pets that others have

Whereas the sparklinoleum must be elsewhere,
I must be here to tend to my sheep of shellfish,
Cleansed as I enter and blessed as I unenter
And my best friend touches the things on the seabed

I woke up above the ground of my Unthing-shaped pool
Fungus grows discreetly somewhere to kill me later
I will not allow it by the time it is far too late
But even still, this is where I was meant to be.

I will learn from my loving Shepherd
To take care of these creatures that give me soul
I will take heed from myself over half my life's mistakes
So one day I will expel, and not regurgitate
The things which I have swallowed whole.

Impossibly So

When the day dawns new
And the cyclical flow of life
Gives you busted and blue
It is times like these that give me life
In this scattered point of view

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In this magic moment
"…"
Yes in this magic moment
I get choked up

But instead of the prickly bush
With thousands of thorns
I was gifted an angel with a touch
That makes it difficult to pass scorns

We both are so close
Impossibly so

When in life we realize the same issues we face
Our deviance curtails us toward warm embrace

And to think I haven't bought you flowers yet
And to think I haven't seen you face to face yet

Why does it feel so difficult to move
Why is it impossible to see this through?

Save me before I am lost to the endless embrace
Rolling through life and waiting to die,
Finding my soul or finding a soul mate
None of it matters when I stand in my place
With nothing in my hands
But a noble Flammenwerfer

As black fades to white
And your hands fade from mine
I linger to hold on to something which
I cannot bear to leave behind.

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I figured a new phase would fizzle into view
But it's you
Why is it you?
Why do I let you?

Choking

On one hand

And then on another point
I refuse to let myself become entangled with it
My rubber joints and paperweight bones
Allow my sloth to take over

But if I lay here and forget everything
Everything but you, you'll definitely be warm-brewed
If I let you in you'll never exit
Like a ghost possessing my body
All I can do is hold, regret growing old
Lie here and forget what I'm told.

Unknown
It's the only word that comes to mind
But *i*, oh *i* seems like such a proper candidate
I cannot keep straight thoughts
Waking up has been hard

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I lay myself down to rest
Preparing, as one may call it, a nest.
In the morning we see the movie pictures
My odyssey of *i* begins somewhere in my mythical Ithaca
I choke on the unknown odyssey of *i*.

Elephant Picture

The waving wonder of blimps in the sky
Big rotund hot air balloons
Large blimps with trunks in the sky
Hot air balloons with suction tubes
The look-up of a glance to the air
Waving color in the sky in the sky
The disturbance of families
The taking of children
All in the waving wonder of blimps in the sky

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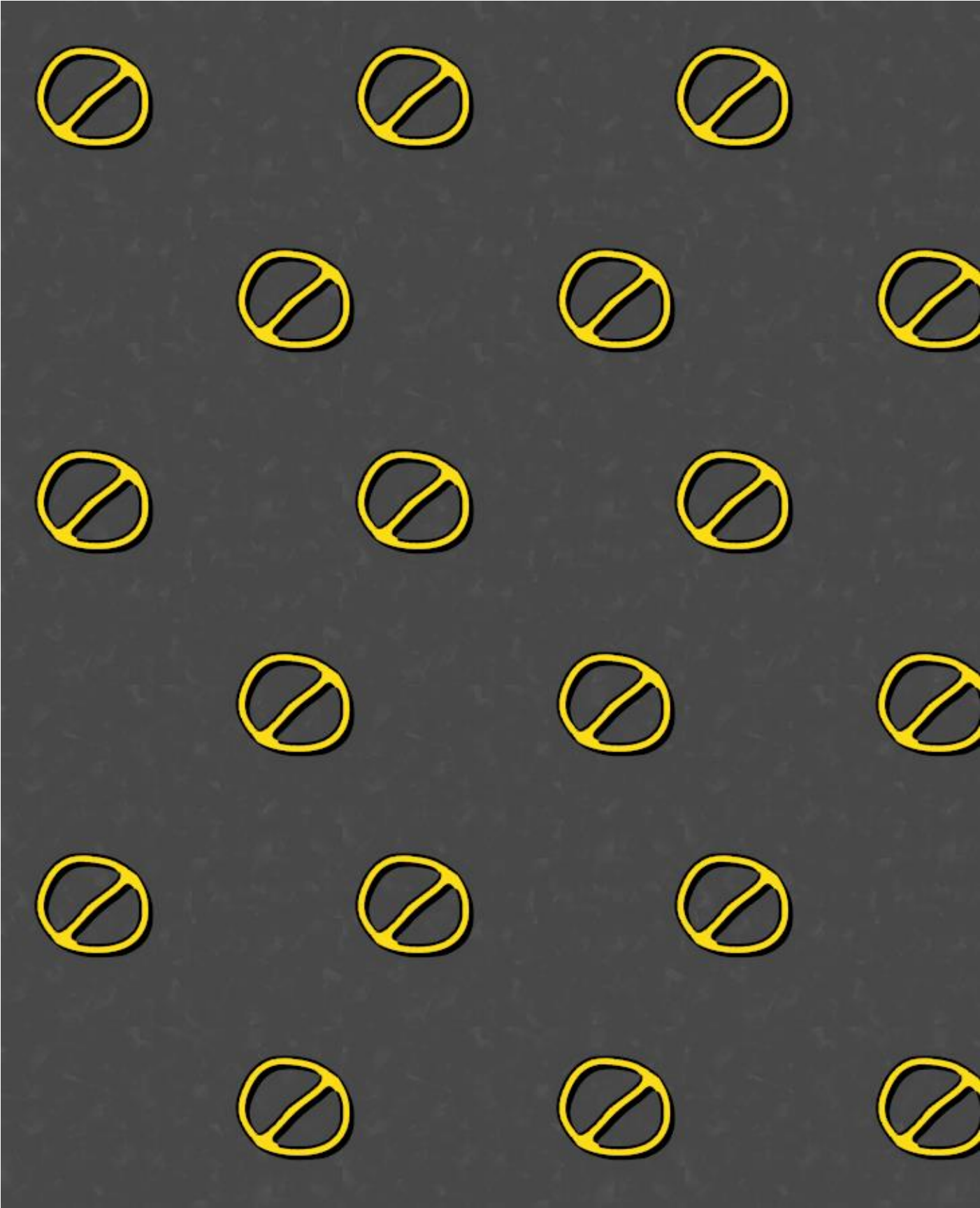

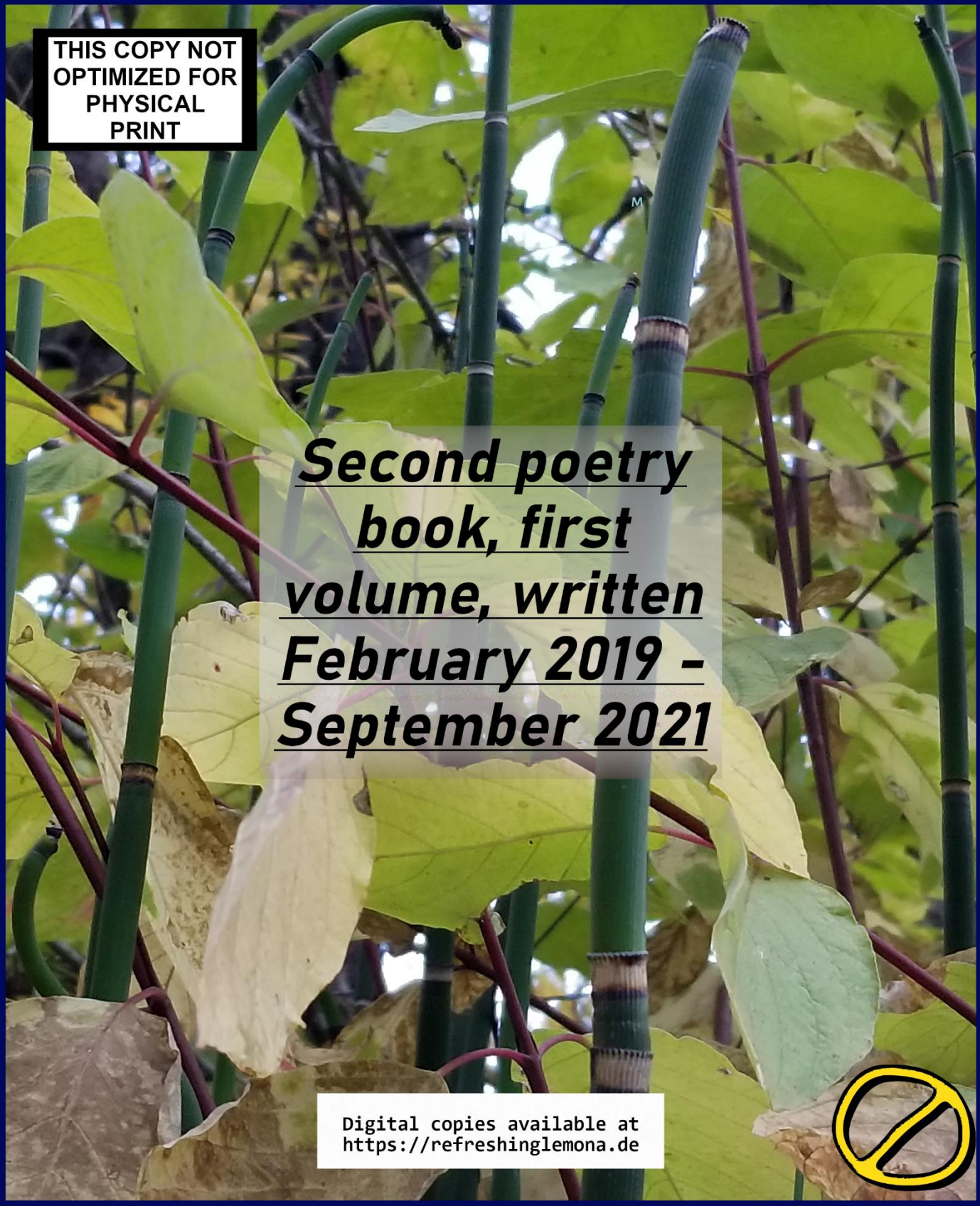
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